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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 92.—Vol. VII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 6, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Bassano*

Miss Millie Legarde in her punt

Miss Legarde is playing Betty Kenyon, a young widow, in *The White Chrysanthemum*, at the Criterion Theatre

No. 92—Vol. VII.

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Wednesday, September 6, 1905

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

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Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Euphranor." By Edward Fitzgerald. (John Lane: 1s. 6d. net.)

"The Motor Year Book, 1905." (Methuen: 5s. net.)

"The Brass Workers of Berlin and Birmingham." A Comparison. Joint Report of R. H. Best, W. J. Davis, and C. Perks. (P. S. King and Son: 1s. net.)

"An Auxiliary Port for London." By Innovator. (P. S. King and Son: 6d. net.)

"The Passport." A Novel. By Richard Bagot. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Patient Man." A Novel. By Percy White. (Methuen: 6s.)

"A Wanderer in Holland." By E. V. Lucas. Illustrated in colour. (Methuen: 6s.)

FOR HOLIDAY READING.

VOL. VI.

The Bystander

(April to June, 1905)

Bound in Green Stamped Cloth with Gold Lettering,

Price 10/6

AN EXCELLENT PRESENT FOR FRIENDS ABROAD OR IN THE COLONIES.

Those who bind their issues in volume should write for the TITLE PAGE AND INDEX enclosing Penny Stamp, to the Publisher, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Random Jottings

The Virtue of Hope

Last week, the time of going to press with these jottings was the dark hour before the dawn of Peace. The keynote of our comment on the situation was "Hope on." So we are "one up" on the experts, who counselled despair before the Peace Delegates had arrived at Portsmouth.

Clogging the Machine

From the Simla correspondent of the *Daily Mail* we learn that a tour of appalling extent has been arranged by the local authorities in India for their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. The details, it appears, are all complete, the menu cards have been drawn up, the texture of the linen and the size of the serviettes finally decided upon. This is all very satisfactory, but one pales at the thought of the confusion into which official India might be thrown by a stray serviette.

Battleship on the Loose

A bull in a china shop is a tame incident compared with a battleship on the loose. This important opinion is wrested from us as the result of reading the account of H.M.S. *Dominion* when she broke out (on Sunday, too), and made things lively for the peaceful shipping in Portsmouth Harbour. Fortunately, the giddy battleship, which struck an *Aut*, went on the loose along the line of least resistance.

The Wife Trust

Smartness begets smartness, and nowhere, we imagine, except in the United States, could Dr. George A. Witzhoff's "Syndicate of Bigamists," as the papers politely call it, have been conceived and executed with so much ingenuity. Beef Trusts and Ice Trusts we have got accustomed to, but a Wife Trust is something new and not wholly delectable. The shares of the thirty holders have not been quoted, but it seems they consist of the savings of five hundred deluded women. Perhaps the most amazing thing about the whole affair is that they are American women, who are supposed to keep their husbands working for their pleasure. Is it a case of reaction? In any event, though we do not admire the workings of lynch-law, Dr. Witzhoff would, in our opinion, be one of the least deplorable victims that ever submitted to its judgment, should he by any chance be strung up by a discontented mob.

PEACE—AND THE MAN

Lays for Politicians

A Songful Premier

The action of Mr. Bent, the Premier of Victoria, in going about that Colony singing comic songs, has caused a good deal of adverse criticism. As Victorians are saying, comic songs should be sung about Premiers, and not by them.

Lays for Politicians

If politicians are to sing in public—and, as an alternative to making speeches which everybody has heard before, there is something to be said for the idea—they should content themselves with passionate and patriotic lays. The "Vicar of Bray" might fitly be rendered by several statesmen. Lord Curzon might easily convey his sentiments to a sympathetic public by chanting "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," while Mr. Brodrick could reply with "Should he Upbraid," "The Campbells are Coming" would voice the feelings of the Leader of the Opposition, and Mr. Balfour, in his more patient moods, could deliver "You can't get a rise out of Oi" with great effect. Altogether, we are not sure that Mr. Bent is to be blamed for setting an example which, with some slight modifications, might make political meetings more interesting than they often are.

The Channel-Swimming Averages

Our Channel-swimming representative writes:—"The past—or, perhaps, I should say the passing season—is perhaps the most brilliant one that Channel-swimming enthusiasts have yet been privileged to witness. Not since Captain Webb's failure to admit the supremacy of the Channel has anything like it been seen. Every variety of dieting has practically been tried—from port wine to pumpkin-pie—and the costumes of the swimmers have in some cases made even Gordon Bennett competitors look ordinary. I have drawn up the following list of averages:—

	Magnificent Failures.	Plucky Efforts.	Average.
Burgess	5 ...	5 ...	100
Holbein	1 ...	1 ...	100
Mew	1 ...	1 ...	100
Miss Kellerman ...	1 ...	1 ...	100
Other Competitors	10 ...	10 ...	100

In practically every case, but for fortuitous occurrences such as gales, sea-sickness, drifting, etc., success was assured; and it is high time that a cup-tie was arranged for."

An Incredulous Monarch

The suggestion made by certain Russian revolutionaries that the Tsar should follow President Roosevelt's example, and go down in a submarine, is not likely to receive Imperial encouragement. The Tsar, it is believed, does not put much faith in submarines, particularly when manned by Russian sailors.

The Russian Navy League

A "Russian Navy League" (which has recently been formed) sounds a little premature, but patriotic Russians are not without hopes that it will shortly be followed by a Russian Navy. The object which the League will keep in mind is, we understand, the preservation of a "two-power standard." In other words, for every ship that Roumania and Bulgaria build, Russia will build two. This should assure the world's peace.

Blind Justice

"Kein Bier!!! Donner und Blitzen!!!"

Blind Justice

"The German Ministry of Justice," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "has taken a much-needed step in the direction of temperance reform. Orders have been given that officials in the Courts will not in future be permitted to consume beer within the precincts of the Courts." It is hoped that this measure will do away with the old proverb about Justice being blind.

A Wind Instrument

A leading German composer has just introduced a wind instrument, called the "heckelphone," into his orchestra. Hitherto, the heckelphone has chiefly been used by the editors of German newspapers, when discussing England's foreign policy.

Examiners' Digestions

Some anxiety is being expressed lest the London County Council's latest scheme, that for giving cookery scholarships to domestic servants who have done a year's service, should fail for lack of examiners. We are enabled to state, however, that examiners in the scholarship competition will not be asked to eat the dishes cooked by the candidates, and that in any case a doctor will be sent for, should his services be required.

Between Two Stools

Courlander cyclists — with trailers—are in a quandary at present, as the Governor-General of their Province has issued an edict to the effect that, while "all gatherings will be fired on without warning, cyclists who do not stop when ordered to by the police will at once be shot." The difficulty of the man with the trailer, of course, is that if he goes on he is a cyclist in motion and will at once be shot, and if he stops, he is (with the trailer) a gathering, and will be fired on without warning. His only hope is that the police will miss in either case.

Walking-sticks for women

The Cricket Season

Our cricket representative writes :—"A retrospect of the cricketing season shows us that the year has been an average one, taking it all round. The counties have produced several first-class writers, including Messrs. Jessop, Bosanquet, Warner, and MacLaren: the two latter of whom are, of course, only keeping up well-established reputations. Mr. Fry still heads the averages both for words and runs, though he has not quite the variety of strokes between the literary wickets that is shown by some of his fellow-journalists. For "straight talk," however, he is unrivalled, and he can afford to dispense with some of the flashier cuts to the grammatical boundary. Owing to an unfortunate agreement by which they were prevented from wiring every other minute to the ha'penny Press, the Australians have been somewhat of a disappointment, and I am unable to state if they had any crack writers among them. However, all's well that ends well, and the Old Country's spunky *litterateurs* are to be congratulated on having won the Tests at a canter."

"Oh lor! here's that terrible bouncing thing again"

A Song of the Silly Season!

I.

Shall I sing you a song of the serpent
That sports in the seas, as of yore?
He won't be a serpent much longer,
For he is becoming a *boar*!
But still he's on view, sir, to captain and crew, sir,
And he has been seen off the Nore!

II.

Shall I sing you a song of the berry
That's usually linked with the goose?
This season it's bigger than ever:
It certainly grows like the deuce!
A berry gigantic that drives people frantic,
But what in the world is its use?

III.

Shall I sing you a song of the questions—
Are modern wives thriftless or not?
Should we bury ourselves in the township?
Or live in a four-acre plot?
Should the hatless brigade country churches invade?
Should parsons be critics?—eh, what?

IV.

Shall I sing you a song of "the sillies"
Who notes to the *Telegraph* scrawl
On these and a thousand such matters
That always crop up in "the Fall"?
I don't think I'd better—(*I*, too, pen my letter!)—
For, then I should sing of us *all*!!

F. B. Doveton.

Anticipations.—V.

Walking-Sticks for Women

[*"The experiment of women carrying walking-sticks has been tried before, but there is no doubt that next season will see a successful renascence of this pretty fashion."*—DAILY PAPER.]

We are enabled to supply a few hints which should be useful to those who like to prepare in time for a coming vogue :—

Sticks for Ranelagh Nothing can be more charming for Ranelagh than a light coffee-coloured cane, with crook-shaped handle of Parisian diamonds. The stem of the cane should be bound with bows of point-lace, three of these bows being perhaps in the best taste, though four, and even five, are not uncommon. Much depends on the height of the wearer, but more than five bows should not be used by women under six feet four. Those inclining to embonpoint should indulge in a rather heavier cane, as in this case it may be used for support without fear of the wood cracking.

The Simple Cane Enthusiasts for the Simpler Life should carry a stick cut from a cabbage-stalk with a single self-coloured ribbon negligently knotted half way down. The ribbon may be any tint except red, which is apt to prove dangerous in the depths of the country, as this colour (in almost any shade) has always had an attraction for bulls. Brunettes of the type which is suited by nothing so well as by red may indulge themselves, but in this case they should keep to the roads, where, in any case, they are more likely to meet the curate.

Answers to Correspondents

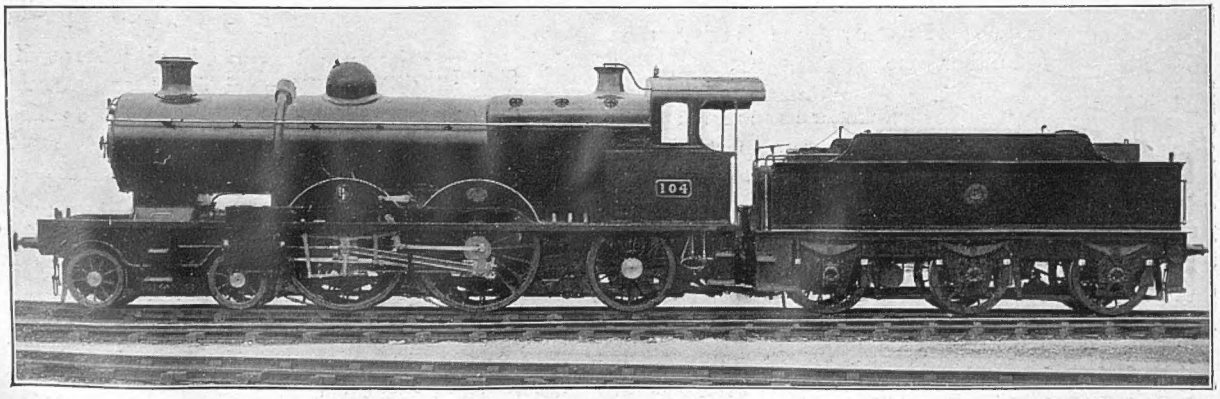
(1) A Matter of Breeding Certainly, "Anxious Mother"! Débutantes should make a point of equipping themselves with only the thinnest canes, as anything in the nature of a bludgeon is apt to discourage the modern suitor. You ask us whether your daughter's fiancé was justified in refusing to carry the sticks of several ladies during the walk he had with them? By no means. It showed a distinct want of breeding, and his statement that he supposed ladies carried walking-sticks because they wanted to use them is, in our opinion, too contemptible to call for a reply.

"All Wrong"; or the Punting Girl

Who graces the cover of *C. B. Fry's Magazine* for September

(2) In Regent Street It is not necessary, Birdie, to carry an alpenstock in Regent Street. An ordinary cherry-wood stick with an iron tip to it should prove sufficient for any climbing you may have to do at this time of year, and a guide is superfluous.

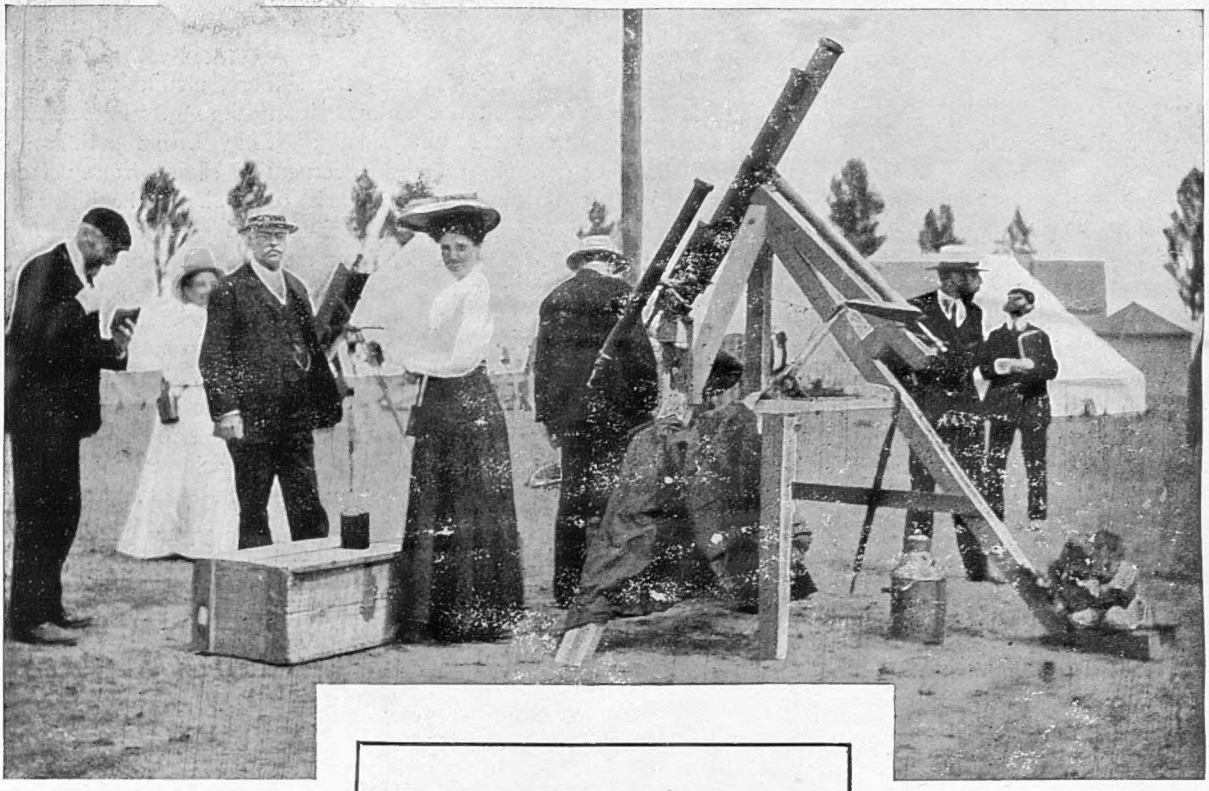
The Punting Girl The sweet maiden who graces the cover of *C. B. Fry's Magazine* for September is about as unbusiness-like looking a river girl as we ever remember to have seen. She is facing wrongly, standing wrongly, in the wrong part of the punt, holding what does not look like a punt-pole in a wrong fashion. And even if she were set right in all these particulars she does not look as if she could punt. All this, without prejudice to the contents of a most entertaining issue. But why not accuracy in design as well as in letterpress?



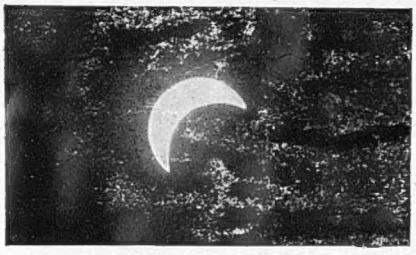
The new French compound locomotive recently purchased by the Great Western Railway in order to make comparisons with the standard Great Western Railway engines which are non-compound

This engine, which, with tender, weighs some 101 tons 15 cwt., is one of a class used with remarkably good results on the Northern of France Railway, especially on the run between Paris and Amiens—81¼ miles in 80 minutes, a speed of 60·8 miles per hour

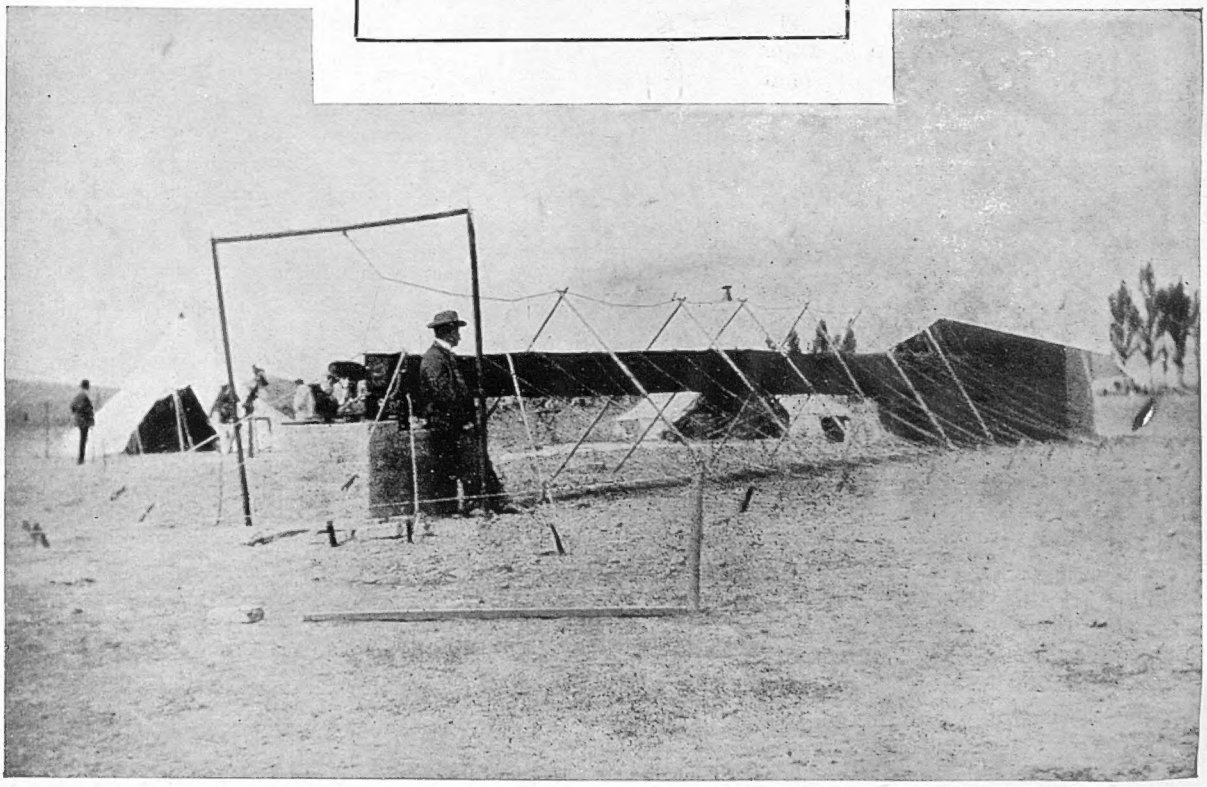
The Total Eclipse of the Sun at Burgos



(1)
Expectant observers getting in readiness for the total eclipse at Burgos



(2)
A German Spectroscopic Apparatus erected for taking observations at Burgos, Spain



THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Anniversary of Abd-ul-Hamid's Accession

The *régime* of red terror that has been reigning on the banks of the Bosphorus since the last attempt on the life of the Sultan has lately been somewhat in abeyance, while the incomparable Metropolis of the Turkish Empire put on the magnificent garb of festive splendours to celebrate the anniversary of Abd-ul-Hamid's accession to Ottoman's throne, and to commemorate, at the same time, his happy escape from the effects of an infernal machine. This grand fête of the Padishah took place on September 1, and was, this year, distinguished, at the express command of the Sultan himself, by unprecedented Oriental pomp and grandeur.

Hundreds of families have been recklessly ruined, a great number of persons, guilty and non-guilty alike, have been executed in the heedlessly indiscriminate attempts to find out the perpetrator of the crime of July 21 and his acolytes, thousands of innocent victims are pining in the dismal prisons and dungeons of the capital and in the provinces, thousands are submitted to all the horrors and abominations of inquisition—all this the supreme Mahommedan Khalif and his faithful subjects kept in the background for the time being, in order that the fête of his accession should be celebrated in as smoothly joyous a manner as possible.

The Beauties of Constantinople

The natural beauties of the old Byzantium are great and exquisite. On a festive occasion, however, like that of the past celebration, these natural beauties were still more enhanced by skilful artifice and ingenious contrivance.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier and his little daughter, Prudence

An Elaborate Fête

Everything in the way of decoration and embellishment was lavished on Yildiz-Kiosk, the present residence of Abd-ul-Hamid. All the public edifices, all the stately barracks and palaces and konaks, all the countless mosques and minarets, all the private luxurious residences of ministers, pashas, and other State dignitaries, were ornamented in a most elaborate manner. The Imperial yachts on the Bosphorus, the mighty cruisers, ironclads, and torpedo-boats stationed in the harbour of the Golden Horn, and all the innumerable sailing vessels, steamers, launches, etc., scattered all round the shores of Stambol, Galata, and Top-Hané, prepared their festal garb of electricity, firework, and Chinese lanterns. Garlands, glowing in all shades of fire and gold, hang from minaret to minaret, high above the sombre, meditative cypress woods. Huge fantastic inscriptions of "Padishahim chok yasha, bin yashah!" (Long Live the Sultan!) wound in grotesque, serpentine skeins from palace to kiosk, and from kiosk to konak, on the hills and glades, in woods and vales of the great and mighty Current Music, instrumental and vocal, in all possible varieties of tune and melody, from the nasal, monotonous chanting of the Orientals to the gay and boisterous fanfare of a military band, or the recitative of the modern marvel of a phonograph, resounded from shore to shore, from vale to hill. An example had to be shown, especially now, to the Mussulman world, and to the unbelieving Giaurs as well, that the resources of the Padishah and Khalif are still inexhaustible, and that the enthusiasm the faithful Osmanlis cherish for his sacred person is still undying and fresh.

A Dark Picture

It is difficult to believe that the splendour of the fête masked such misery as exists in Constantinople. The so-called Seven Towers of Yediculé, on the Marmara, where in olden times foreign ambassadors used to be kept imprisoned during hostilities with European Powers, are said to be at present one of such abodes of unspeakable human wretchedness and suffering, as the chief prisons of Galata-Serai and Stambol are overfilled with criminals and innocent alike. To do justice, however, to the Padishah himself, it must be remarked here that all the mischief and cruelty which have been perpetrated in the last few weeks are due chiefly, if not exclusively, to the legion of spies, secret police agents, flattering mendacious courtiers, and false, self-interested advisers which form the human, or rather inhuman, *entourage* of Abd-ul-Hamid.

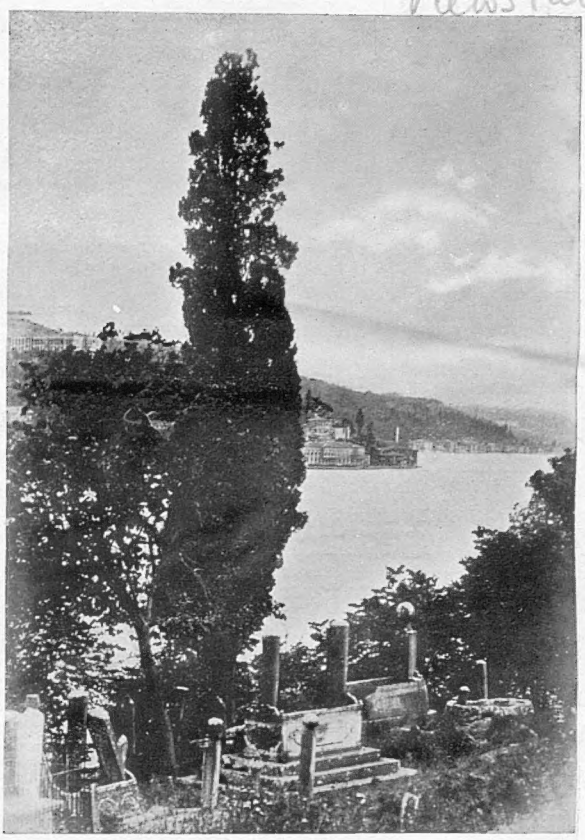
The Sultan's Personality

The latter, himself, is one of the best rulers Turkey ever had. He is assiduous, intelligent, and has refined tastes for music, painting, and cultivation of flowers. He is a skilled pianist, speaks several European languages fluently, and is always *au courant* of, and alive to, every significant turn of political affairs on the Continent In spite of his feeble constitution, he possesses an iron character and an unbending will. To his detriment, however, he is also surrounded by hosts of eunuchs who, as is well known, play not a small rôle in the Court and political life of the

Constantinople en Fete

On the Marmara

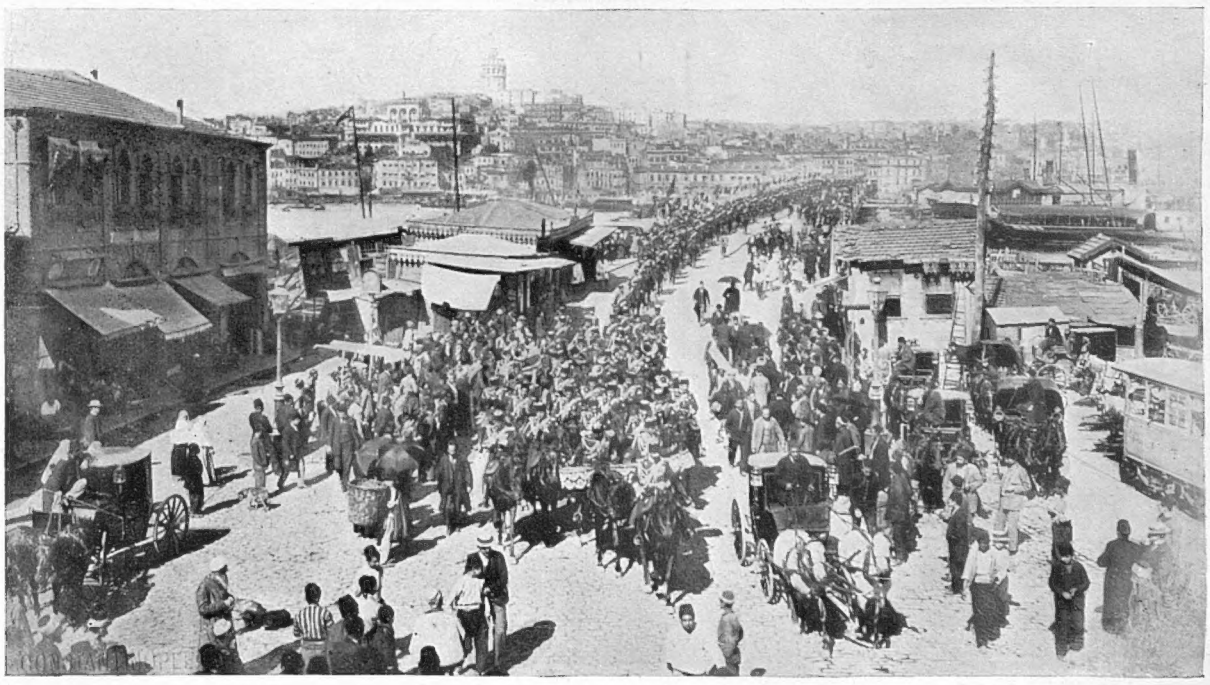
The so-called Marble Tower of Yediculé (Seven Towers), the dungeons of which contain, at present, a large number of prisoners



A glimpse of the incomparable Bosphorus

The Bosphorus winds picturesquely for miles, its hilly shores covered with cypress trees, with palaces, bright marble kiosks, and innumerable mosques

Padishah, influencing his intentions and decisions. Being of a naturally cruel disposition, these eunuchs exercise their traditional powers in a reckless and most injurious fashion. Many a Turkish nobleman and pasha, who, since July 21, have fallen into great disfavour with Abd-ul-Hamid, are owing their misfortune to the wicked insinuations of that pernicious kind of mutilated, blood-thirsty individuals, jet black in body and as black and gloomy in soul.



Karakeny Bridge, the "London Bridge" of Constantinople

The bridge joins Stambol, the Turkish quarter, to Galata, the business quarter. A regiment of cavalry, headed by a military band, speeds to Yildiz-Kiosk on the occasion of the anniversary of Abd-ul-Hamid's accession to the throne. The majestic, hoary Genoese Tower is seen—now used as a station for giving alarms of fire

The Land's End Club

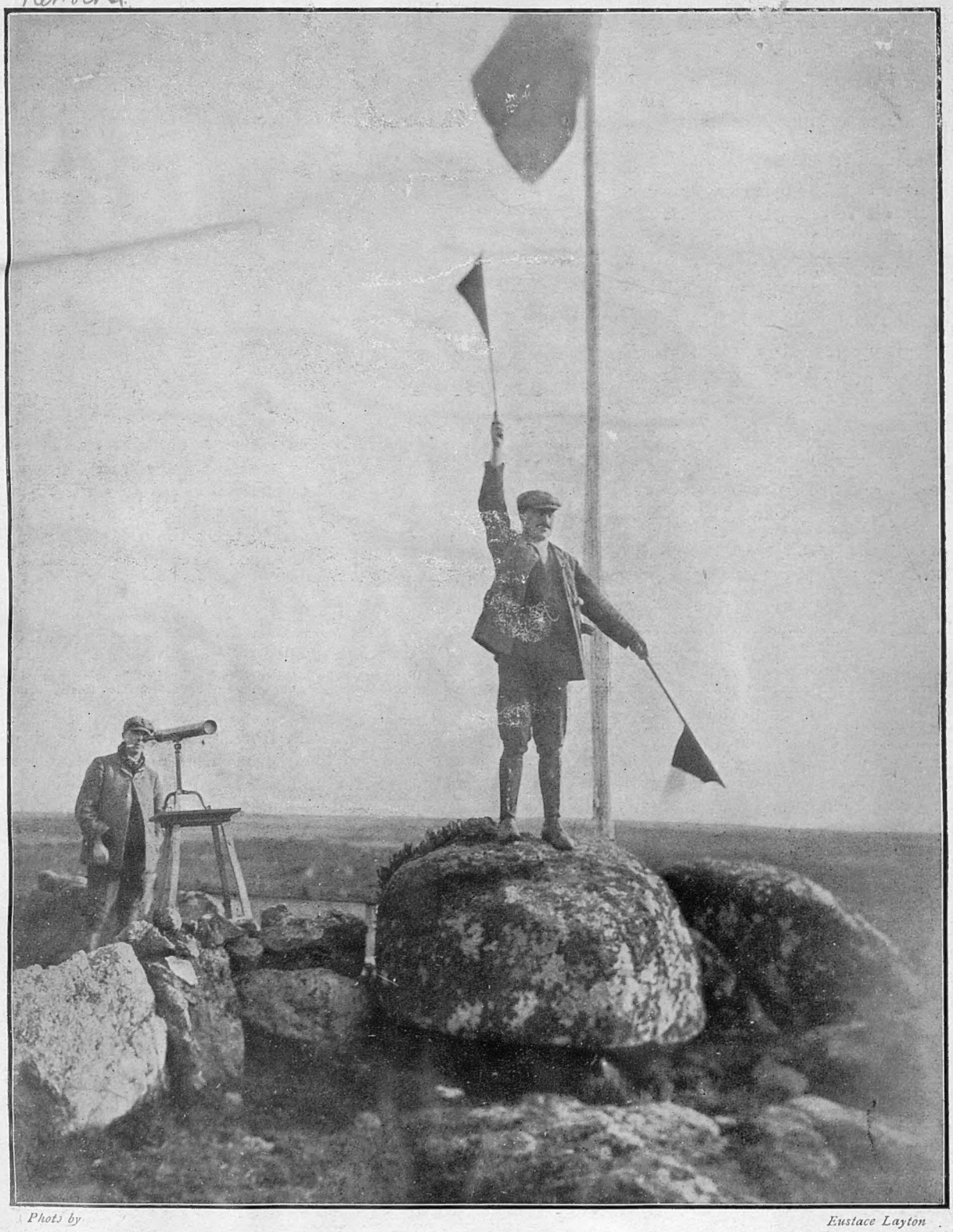


Photo by *Eustace Layton*

The President of the Land's End Club signalling news of Peace to the lonely watchers on the Longship Lighthouse

The Last Club in England

Very few people know that on the very edge of the Atlantic, some twenty yards as a matter of fact, the last, and certainly most unique, club in England may be found. This is known as the Land's End Club, and has been founded for several years by a small society of Penzance gentlemen, who spend from Saturday to Monday there. The President is the well-known West Country sportsman, Mr. H. Tonkin. The club, as the photographs show, is very snug and comfortably furnished. Here, year in and year out, the members come and face the screaming Atlantic gales. The club has a second reason for its existence

The Most Unique Club in England

The sitting-room of the Land's End Club

as well as the mere pleasure of its members. This is as unique as its position. The lonely watchers in the Longship Lighthouse, on its jagged rock off Land's End, gain all their news of what is happening in the world from the members of the Land's End Club. Week by week Mr. Tonkin semaphores the news from the signal station, which is erected on the cliff edge. The answers from the lighthouse are read by another member with a telescope. Mr. Tonkin has had the unique distinction of receiving a message from the Royal Yacht as it passed by England's granite foot.

Photos by *Eustace Layton*

Kitchen and dining-room of the Land's End Club

Vandalism and its Penalties

The Earl of Durham

The Lambtons are a straightforward race, and the Earl of Durham's determination to close Lambton Park to the public has been announced with characteristic frankness. He objects to people scattering rubbish about his gardens and lawns. It is not the first time he has stood up for the purity of the Turf, as patrons of that institution and students of the law reports know. Like his twin brother and heir presumptive, the Hon. Frederick Lambton, he has served in the Coldstream Guards, belongs to the Turf Club, and professes Liberalism in politics. Of late years he has been heard to speak of "pro-Boers" and Army Corps with almost equal contempt. He is just fifty, has some 30,500 acres in Durham, of which county he is Lord Lieutenant; and he has been mayor of that town. Besides Lambton Castle he has Harraton House, Exning, by Newmarket, and a house in Grosvenor Square.

The Earl of Durham

Who has been forced to close Lambton Park on account of the vandalism of the public

Grouse Prospects

It is satisfactory to find that the grouse season of 1905-6 is likely to figure as an exceptionally good one. The reports which are now in from the various moors make interesting reading, but the most satisfactory part is the entire absence of disease. This, the most fatal of all things for moors, is happily becoming more and more wiped out, due, no doubt, to the greater care expended on the burning of old heather and to surface draining. On many moors this season, record bags are being made, and, in pretty well all cases, the birds are healthy and strong. In parts, the weather on the opening week was windy and stormy, and the birds being forward, this caused them to be wild, and in some places, where shooting over dogs is still *de rigueur*, birds were simply unapproachable. Talking of shooting over dogs, this is one of the most delightful, and certainly prettiest, kinds of shooting. Many moors, especially the smaller ones, commenced the season in this way, reserving the driving till later. It is said, you should not both walk-up and drive grouse; nevertheless, it is done, but the former is, undoubtedly, the higher form of sport.

Walking-up Birds and Driving

But as regards the skill in killing of birds, there is, of course, no comparison between walking-up and driving. He, who may be a capital shot at a bird getting up and flying away, may be the very reverse inside the butt. Here he waits comfortably, as the long line of drivers gradually approach. Birds put up a mile or more away, are moving at a high rate of speed by the time they pass over the butts, and the gunner must then be no mean marksman, if he hopes to see "rights" and "lefts" crumple up

Photo by *Frith*

Lambton Park, which Lord Durham has been forced to close on account of damage done by the public

The loss to the public of Lambton Park is the greater because the park is, as it were, a green oasis in a desert of coal dust. The park is richly timbered, hilly, and well watered. The Castle stands on a height above the River Wear, the surrounding scenery being very beautiful

Some Notable Game Shots

with but a few misses. It is the severest test of this kind of shooting —this and partridge driving — in fact, the latter is the more severe test of the two. But to men like Mr. Rimington-Wilson, Sir Richard Musgrave, Lords Wilton and Howe, the Duke of Portland, and, of course, Lord de Grey, swift and lucky indeed must be the bird which passes them untouched. Such "gunners" as these will use two or three guns, and it is marvellous how, with really well-trained loaders, they manage to get six barrels into a single covey as it passes. Apropos of this, an old story worth repeating is told: Lord de Grey was asked whom he considered the better shot—himself or Lord Walsingham. The reply was, "Lord Walsingham was very good indeed, but a *trifle slow* with his fifth and sixth barrels!" Shades of our grandfathers! with muzzle-loader and the faithful Ponto To-hoing.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby

Some Notable Shots

It would be obviously impossible to give a full list of all who may be counted as really first-class shots, for there are many. Some excel at grouse-driving, and may, perhaps, not shine at rocketing pheasants. While, again, some are brilliant at the covert-side, but only average shots at driven partridges. But taking one or two as all-round shots, one may certainly mention the following: Lord Willoughby de Eresby and his father, Lord Ancaster, are both keen shots, as is Lord Stavordale, who married Lord Londonderry's only daughter. His moor is at Kinprochet, in Perthshire, as is Lord Ancaster's. The Duke of Portland and Lord Durham own moors in Inverness, and are both excellent shots, at game and stags. Then, too, amongst our very best shots must be numbered Lord Wilton, who owns over 9,000 acres, and has fine shootings at Houghton, near Swaffham, in Norfolk; Sir Richard Musgrave is another fine game shot, and is well known at the Gun Club; while Lord Lovat, who is also the keenest of sportsmen, is the owner of 181,800 acres in Scotland. In all the great shoots which take place, the names of one or other of the foregoing will always be found, and one may be certain that when Earl de Grey and Mr. Grenfell are present the shooting is well worth watching.

A Good Story

One who is certainly one of our finest all-round shots is the Prince of Wales, who seems to like shooting above all things. His Majesty also delights in it, but is a much slower shot, though a good, steady one. An amusing event was the outcome of a visit paid by the King—when Prince of Wales—to Lord Durham at Lambton Castle. Lord Durham, wishing to dispose of his surplus game, as he anticipated an enormous bag, made

Photos by

Lord Wilton

Barnett

Lord Stavordale

Some Notable Game Shots

arrangements with a Newcastle game-dealer to take a considerable quantity. Being a canny man—as most Newcastlers are—as well as a loyal one, the dealer, as soon as the game arrived, hung and spread out an enormous number of birds in front of his shop, making a tremendous display. Not content with this, he labelled them, "Shot by H.R.H. Prince of Wales," as though the Prince had shot the lot!

Photo by *Pool*

Sir Richard Musgrave

One of the best shots in the United Kingdom

Mr. Rimington-Wilson

Mr. Rimington-Wilson, of Broomhead, in Yorkshire, is certainly looked upon as one of the very best shots, if not the best. His moor is celebrated for the wonderful bags made each year, and which, considering its size—about 4,500 acres—is a truly wonderful grouse-producing moor. Last season the record bag was made here—for one day's shoot—namely, 1,375½ brace, and with nine guns. The shooting was over two lines of butts, the second line being fifty yards or so behind the first line. There were six drives, three each way, and the birds were driven backwards and forwards over these two lines. Every drive was done by time, *i.e.* the drivers started to move towards the butts at a fixed moment. The drive finished, the "pick-up" commenced, time being allowed for this. Then the back drive commenced at the time set down, so that the guns knew by their watches the moment the drivers had started, though, of course, they could not see the drivers. This moor, unlike many others, is only shot over twice in each season, the first taking place towards the end of August, when the party are invited for three days' shooting. The first day is devoted to the grouse; the second to the rabbits, as Mr. Rimington-Wilson has a large rabbit-warren; and the third day the birds are again attended to. The second party is some time in September, and then all is over till the following August.

A Remarkable Rabbit-Warren

The rabbit-warren is a remarkable one. It is on the side of a very large hill, and in the centre is a covert, where the rabbits breed and live. Above and below this, the ground grows thickly with bracken and clumps of rhododendron bushes. The bracken is cut into rides, and all sorts of shapes, and into these the rabbits find their way when they are shut out from the wood. This is effected by means of a wire netting, which encloses the wood. It is, perhaps, 3ft. 6in. high, and is hinged in the middle, so that it is possible to raise the lower portion, and allow the rabbits free to run in and out to feed. The night before the shoot, the

Photo by *Dickinson*

Earl de Grey

Photo by *Russell*

The Duke of Portland

Photo by *Thiel*

Mr. Grenfell, M.P.

A Derbyshire Moor

Photo by *White*

Lord Lovat

Who gave evidence for the defence in the trial of the two Phipps boys, sons of the Pittsburg millionaire, who were charged with shooting at and wounding three salmon fishers at Beauly. The jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty"

keepers steal up quietly, when the rabbits are out in hundreds feeding, and pull the levers, when down falls the bottom portion of the wire, and the bunnies are unable to re-enter. So they philosophically make back for the bracken and lay there till the guns come, and then poor bunny's life is a short one. In this way 2,000 to 3,000 are shot in a single day. But in this kind of shooting Mr. Rimington-Wilson does not join his guests.

A Derbyshire Moor

Another English Moor, not far from Broomhead, is the Duke of Rutland's Derbyshire Moor at Longshan, some few miles only from grimy Sheffield.

A Remarkable Rabbit-Warren

Mr. Rimington-Wilson, of Broomhead Hall, Yorkshire, one of the best grouse shots of the day

At Broomhead, the record bag of grouse (1,375½ brace) in one day was made last year with nine guns

Here the shooting is not confined to two days only, but continues through the season. The Duke of Rutland's son, Lord Granby, is a very fine shot, and manages the shoot admirably. The curious thing about this moor is, many public roads cross it, and in summer-time the Sheffield beanfeasters make it the scene of their outings. Convivial Sheffielders are careless enough at times to throw lighted matches on to the heather. This is often dry as tinder, and a spark is enough to set ablaze a moor, and so kill hundreds of birds. Thus the keepers have to watch day and night, and for this purpose small huts have been built for them on high ground, to command a wide view. The moment a puff of smoke is seen, they are off, and with long brooms beat it out as soon as they are able, but it is often useless. The grouse feed chiefly on what grows on these moors, though, of course, they like cornfields when they are handy. Their chief food, however, is young shoots of heather, the bilberry, and the cowberry. These latter have a tart, sharp taste, which is noticeable in the birds themselves when eaten.

The top part of Mr. Rimington-Wilson's wonderful rabbit-warren at Broomhead

Here over 2,000 rabbits are shot in a day. Notice the ridges cut in the bracken, making a kind of rabbit run

A Moor where Record Bags are Made

The Principal Foods of Grouse: Bilberry, Heather, and Cowberry

As long as there is a good supply of young, wholesome heather, and the other plants, dry, sheltered ground to breed and live on, and a good water supply, grouse do well. Burning heather is now quite a science, and this has also much to do with success in rearing grouse.

The butts at Broomhead, Mr. Rimington-Wilson's Moor, where the record bag of grouse (1,375½ brace) was made last year

On the Watch for Moor Fires

The shed in which watch is kept for moor fires by the Duke of Rutland's keepers

This shed commands views of the moor for miles around, and here watch is kept night and day for outbreaks of fire on the moor. The keepers beat out fires which may arise with brooms of the kind seen on the left of the hut

The Duke of Rutland's Derbyshire Moor

The road through the centre of the moor from Sheffield to Buxton. A carelessly thrown match by a passer-by may set all this wide expanse of moor ablaze, and so destroy hundreds of grouse

THE PLAYHOUSES

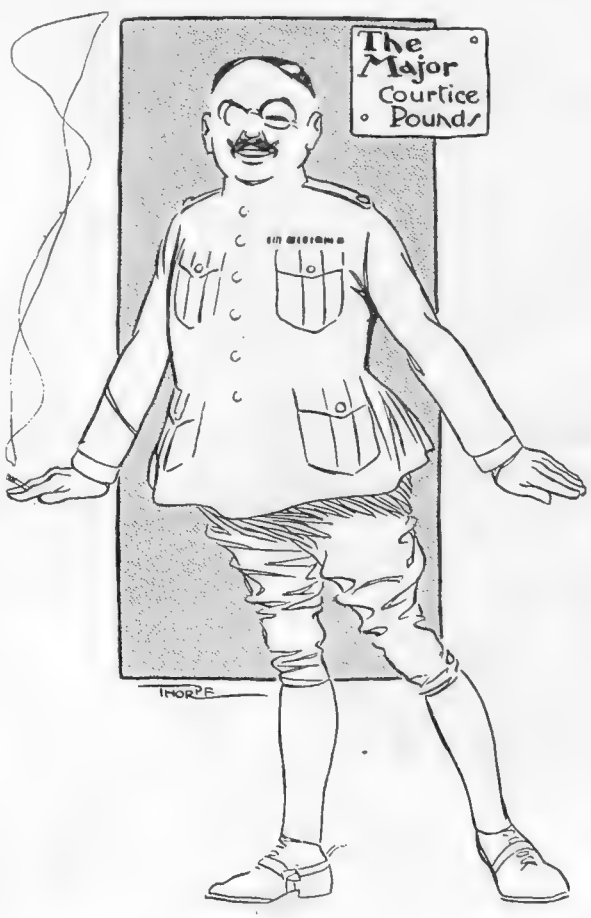
"The Blue Moon" at the Lyric Theatre

Miss Billie Burke
As Evelyn Ormsby, in *The Blue Moon* at the Lyric Theatre

Mr. Walter Passmore
As Private Charlie Taylor, in *The Blue Moon* at the Lyric Theatre

The plot of a musical play is now a dead member. It had been wasting away for a decade. Mr. Harold Ellis and Mr. A. M. Thompson have completely destroyed its functions by writing *The Blue Moon* without troubling to include a plot. Mr. Ellis wrote the book, and Mr. Thompson (so the programme informs us) revised it. Can it be that the task of the reviser was surgical, and that he was employed to cut away the dead membranes of the plot? Whatever occurred, for the future it will be quite the thing for a musical play to have no plot, as it is quite the thing for bodies who are somebodies to have no appendix.

Of course, traces of the organ remain, and when the Major (Mr. Courtice Pounds) refers darkly to a lost child, his words are not lost upon old playgoers, who can recall the plot as a living and working member. *The Blue Moon* is a very healthy product. It contains two comedians of the first class, Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr. Walter Passmore. Their humour does not clash. This may, or may not, be because the authors of the piece have given them ample opportunity of being funny "on their own." Unctuous humour finds its most skilful exponent in Mr. Edouin. As Moolray, the plausible old rascal of a marriage-broker, the comedian is seen at his richest. The success he makes of the part is all the more praiseworthy from the fact that he derives but little assistance from the authors. The rôle of Moolray has no natural "fat." It is all supplied by the actor. The same remark applies very nearly to Private Charlie Taylor, a character amusing not of itself, but by reason of the mannerisms with which it is endowed by Mr. Walter Passmore. The music of the piece — dainty and catchy at all times —rises on occasions to quite a scholarly level. There are no traces of "trash" in it. By the music alone, *The Blue Moon* should stand. It provides rich opportunities for vocal display by Mr. Courtice Pounds and Miss Florence Smithson. The latter, a newcomer, sang her way into the hearts of the audience with her first number, "Blue Moon."



Her light, pretty voice is exceedingly pure in quality, especially in the upper register.

Miss Billie Burke smiled demurely, and was of great assistance to the piece, but we would welcome a slight change in her tricks of pose and speech. They are becoming mannerisms. The staging of the piece was neat in the extreme, especially the arrangement of the dances.

Bad Manners at the Play

Last week I brought to the notice of playgoers two good resolutions for the coming dramatic season —to arrive before the curtain rises, and to abstain from chattering during the progress of the play. The chatterer acts as a perfect blight; he destroys the enjoyment of everyone within range of his voice. There are some people who keep up a running commentary upon the events taking place upon the stage, somewhat after this fashion :—

"Ah! here comes Eric Lewis — he's always so good; and, my dear, don't you love the funny little starts he gives, and the delightful way he waves his hands about. I do hope he's got an 'Eric Lewis' part. It must be nice to have parts written for one like that, musn't it? Do you remember him in *Mollentrave?* Best thing he's ever done *(pause of one second)*. Ah, Ellis Jeffreys! She's another of my favourites. Very good cast this, isn't it? Young Tompkins — he writes notices, you know; quite a clever boy—says that Ellis Jeffreys has the manner of the French School of Acting. She certainly reminds me of Réjane. I went to Terry's twice to see her when she was over here." *(And so ad nib.)*

Now this sort of talk, at the dullest moments of life, would fail to entertain; overheard at the time when one is striving to focus attention on the points of a play, it arouses the liveliest feelings of irritation. Moreover, the sample quoted above is, at least, intelligent, compared with the vapourings of Mrs. Surburbia who has a nodding acquaintance with one of the cast. The gush which proceeds from the class which prides itself upon "knowing an actor" is too maudlin to be set down in print. There are few playgoers but must have suffered frequently from the fact that they were unable to get out of range of that militant bore, the chatterer.

So much for a good resolution which would mitigate the sufferings of the playgoer. There is another resolution which, if carried out, would make the lot of an actor a happier one than it is. It may not be generally known that from the stage the players have a very distinct view of the people who occupy the boxes and the first half-dozen or so rows of the stalls. People fortunate enough to tenant these seats might well be a little more thoughtful about their demeanour during the progress of a play. From the point of view of the audience, it may be amusing to see a corpulent playgoer driven to slumber by the joint agency of a good dinner and a bad play.

The actor naturally takes a very different view of the situation. The sight of a slumbering playgoer has a very chilling effect upon his performance. He is apt to take the spirit of the house from these, whom he cannot well avoid seeing. Bearing this in mind, the thoughtful playgoer might even pretend an interest which he does not feel. After all, the actor, like the pianist of the old story, is doing his best, and it is not fair to punish him for the shortcomings of the playwright.

E. C. S.

Mr. Willie Edouin, as a rascally old marriage-broker in "The Blue Moon," at the Lyric Theatre

Mermaid Repertory Theatre

The Scornful Lady, Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, was, after all, the first production of the Mermaid Repertory Theatre at the Great Queen Street Theatre on Monday last, as Miss Ethel Irving found that, owing to the pressure of other work, she was obliged to alter her decision to appear in Congreve's *Way of the World* until later in the season.

Playgoers are promised an excellent programme of productions for the coming season. There will be new plays by Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Maxim Gorky, Mr. T. Sturge Moore, and Mr. Arthur Symons, as well as a new play to be selected by the committee of the Playgoers' Club. It is also proposed to produce Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, Dekker's *Bellsfront*, Congreve's *Love for Love*, and Masanger's *City Madam*. The most important feature of the season will, however, be a complete cycle of the English historical plays of Shakespeare, which will be given during the five weeks from October 16 to November 18. Such a series of performances, although not unknown in Germany, is new to London, and, apart from its Shakespearean interest, will afford an almost continuous panorama of English history, from King John to Henry VIII. Subscription tickets for the season, at largely reduced prices, may be obtained from the offices, 3, Old Palace Chambers, Whitehall.

The "Cure" Season at Homburg

Back view of the "Kurhaus," with its fine terrace and pleasure grounds

The Kurhaus at Homburg is one of the most splendid in Germany, containing, as it does, richly decorated halls for assemblies and concerts, an immense dining hall, reading rooms, etc. There is also a spacious theatre occupying one of the wings in which opera is played during the summer

View over Homburg from the White Tower

The popular Spa is beautifully situated at the foot of the Taunus Mountains, about eight miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main. The pleasant life at Homburg and the waters attract some 15,000 visitors annually between May 10 and October 1. Quite 30 per cent. of these visitors are English

OSTEND

"THE QUEEN OF WATERING-PLACES"

The view of Ostend from the sea, as you approach it on a fine summer evening by one of the splendid Belgian Mail Steamers, is beautiful in the extreme. The passage is delightful, more like yachting than ordinary steamer travelling. The sail draws to an end, and there is a rush for the first sight of land. You see a long, low, dark line looming out on the horizon. Swiftly you draw near, and then huge structures, like fairy palaces, stand out white against the darkening sky-line. Clearer and clearer they become, and soon, far and near, you see the magnificent sweep of a range of gorgeous buildings, lofty and wide. You get a splendid view of these and of the Digue as you swiftly steam up to the "Estacade," crowded with visitors out to watch the arrival of the mail. We slowly draw up to the landing-stage, passing "all sorts and conditions" of sailing and steam craft in the various basins.

A dog-drawn milk-cart in Ostend

An Animated Scene

Well-lighted, beautifully adorned saloons, well appointed tables, bands playing, the murmuring sea, the crowded promenades, all lie before you. The animation, the gay toilettes, the sparkle of jewels, the bright chatter of many languages, give a constant charm and fascination to a residence in these great *caravanserais*, while the striking *tout ensemble* of magnificent hotels, restaurants, kursaal, villas, etc., is simply a revelation to the stay-at-home person. The general good taste of architecture is noticeable, and when at dinner-time the front is lit up, no more beautiful or picturesque *mise-en-scène* could be imagined. Old ocean on the one hand, and the quiet smiling champaign on the other, make up an ideal scene of natural beauty.

The Kursaal is the most striking feature of the Digue Over a million visitors per annum attend its many entertainments. Circling the Rotunda are the Games Club, a beautifully decorated ball-room, and reading-room, with the world's newspapers and periodicals.

The "Monoscaph," a canoe which provides great amusement to Ostend bathers

This canoe is the invention of a French engineer. It has the appearance of one long canoe dovetailed into two smaller ones. The "Monoscaph" cannot be upset, and carries a sail

The Whirl of Pleasure at Ostend

The Digue at Ostend

The Digue, or sea-wall, at Ostend is three miles long and 40 ft. high. It makes an admirable promenade

All the Fun of the Fair

The programme of amusements is, as may be expected, a very full one. Balls of every description, Venetian fêtes, carnivals, beauty, fan and sunshade contests, battles of flowers, etc., all have their place. For children, it is a fairyland of happiness, with foot and donkey races, conjuring and dramatic entertainments, balloon ascents, and model yachting. Here there are also pigeon-shooting matches, and lawn tennis and polo can be enjoyed. Motor-car races are also provided, the roads leading out of Ostend having been specially macadamised for this exciting amusement. Boating men have yacht and sailing craft regattas, swimming matches, water polo, and other salt-water recreations. In short, the whole category of enjoyable holiday games and play can be had in Ostend.

It is not the least boast of the people of Ostend that on their Digue the King has built a splendid châlet, where, in company with his daughter, the Princess Clementine, he spends the summer months.

Last, but not least, of the advantages of the "Queen of Watering-places," is the fact that moderate charges are the rule as regards accommodation and living. It is true that it depends on how you wish to live, but a quiet taste can be gratified easily on six or seven francs a day, and the best can be had for ten francs. This, of course, increases in the season, but, on the whole, the cost compares favourably with any other British or Continental seaside resort.

An animated scene on the sands at Ostend

New South Wales

STRIKING EXHIBITION OF COLONIAL PRODUCTS AT THE GUILDHALL

Photo by *Wakefield*

Exhibits of New South Wales Wheat, Flour, Barley, etc., at the Guildhall: Some interesting particulars of the products

WHEAT.—The area at present under wheat in New South Wales is 2,000,000 acres, and the area of unoccupied land in the State adapted in every respect of climate and soil for wheat production is about 20,000,000 acres. The average for the State is from 11½ to 17 bushels per acre.

FLOUR.—The flour-milling industry of New South Wales occupies a foremost position. There are now in operation well-appointed mills in the Metropolitan and County districts fitted with machinery to the value of £300,000, and employing about 1,000 hands. In 1904, the value of exports of wheat and flour was £1,940,000.

BARLEY.—New South Wales barley sent to Great Britain for malting purposes has been found to be superior to any imported grain in point of colour.

New South Wales

"THE LAND OF REWARD FOR INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL"

Exhibits of gold from New South Wales

Among the nuggets exhibited is the famous Maitland Bar of pure gold, valued at £1,236. Since the discovery of payable fields in New South Wales, gold to the value of fifty-two and a half millions sterling has been produced. The gold-bearing formations extend over 70,000 square miles of the State

Notabilities at the Exhibition

Reading from left to right: Mr. T. H. Ellis, Chief Commoner; Sir George Faudell-Phillips, Deputy Lord Mayor; Mr. T. A. Coghlan, Agent-General for the Colony of N.S.W., and Sir John Cockburn, formerly Premier of the Colony

Photos by *Wakefield*

General view of the exhibits from New South Wales at the Guildhall

The Exhibition of New South Wales Products at the Guildhall, which closes to-morrow (Thursday) has attracted widespread attention. The old Council Chamber, in which the Exhibition was held, has literally been besieged by visitors. There has been many official visits, too, from woolbrokers and others directly interested in the products. Brief addresses on the advantages of New South Wales as a farming Colony have been delivered by Mr. Clarke, who strongly appealed for settlers in the New England district, which is three times the size of England and Wales, has a rainfall of twenty inches per annum, and upon which farms of from 200 to 300 acres can be taken up at the extremely economical outlay of 1*s.* per acre

Deer-stalking in Scotland

Photo by *Reid*

Watching deer on the opposite hillside

"If on a steep hillside," says Augustus Grimble, an authority on the sport, "the biggest stags are usually nearest the base of the hill, with the smaller stags and the hinds above them. When lying in a position like this, most of them will be looking straight down hill, and, of course, if there is a strong wind, they will be on the sheltered side of the valley. Then deer are nearly unapproachable; to get in from up-wind and below is hopeless, while to attempt a down-wind stalk, trusting to the force of the gale carrying one's scent right over the deer, is well-nigh as desperate, so that when deer are in a place of this sort it is wiser to wait and watch their movements, or to pass them undisturbed and look for others in more favourable places"

Deer-stalking in Scotland

Photo by *Reid*

Work with the Telescope

Everyone knows, of course, that deer must be stalked up wind or on a side-wind, so that they cannot get scent of the stalkers. Therefore, in a shifty wind, the telescope is of great assistance to make out which way the grasses are blowing at a particular point to be gained. The eccentricities of the wind are numberless, and it is quite common to see masses of low-lying vapour rolling up with the wind to meet others advancing at a higher level from an entirely opposite direction

OUR SHORT STORY

BOBBIE'S SACRIFICE

By ETHEL HOLMES

PLACE: *The Manor House.* SEASON: *The Long Vacation.*

I.

10.30 p.m. in the Smoking-room.

In two long, low, lounge chairs, much padded and velvet covered, Thomas Sayers and his nephew, Bill Summerhays, sat smoking the pipes of their bachelor peace; long legs stretched towards the fire at their bachelor ease; between them a vacant similar chair.

"Seen much of Bobbie yet?" inquired the host, across the vacant chair.

"Well, not much since he met me at the station"; and Bill, with a careful thumb, affectionately pressed the rising tobacco back into the bowl of his pipe.

Thomas Sayers took his own pipe out of his mouth and regarded it with at least equal affection. Then he sniffed.

"Late to meet you, I suppose?" and the pipe was replaced.

"Oh, only a few minutes," was the quick reply; then, after a moment or two's anxious consideration: "seems a . . pretty girl." Thomas Sayers stretched himself out still more lengthily towards his smoking-room fire.

"One gets used to that," he observed; "she's been staying here over a fortnight." He wasn't really inhospitable; he was merely stating a fact. "She keeps Bobbie wonderfully busy," he added; "haven't known Bobbie give so little trouble for ages."

At that moment came Bobbie into the room, shamefacedly; and busily tidying himself.

His friend pretended to be reading a magazine. His uncle surveyed him critically.

"Everything is quite nice and tidy, Bobbie, except your tie. I notice that you generally manage to forget your tie. Now, a penny tie-clip would be an excellent institution, and might prevent these inartistic trips round your collar!"

Bobbie blushed vividly, laughed nervously, and sat down suddenly in the vacant chair; laughed again, straightened the tie, and continued to blush; but forgot to smoke.

"Given up smoking?" suggested his uncle.

Again Bobbie laughed, and produced his pipe; but forgot to fill it.

"Well, I've to be the early bird to-morrow, so I'm off to bed. The man who gardens is a man of many cares, and where there are roses there are always worries! Good-night, Bill. Glad to see you. Hope you'll shake down comfortably. 'Night, Bobby boy, and er . . . pleasant dreams . . . pleasant dreams." Thus the Cynic departed.

Bobbie promptly pounced upon his friend.

"What do you think of her, old fellow?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"Very pretty," Bill obliged.

"Pretty!"

"Don't you think so?"

After a few minutes' silent indignation, Bobbie remarked, coldly: "I think her beautiful."

Bill had considered himself generous in describing her as pretty.

"It's queer, but somehow I'd do anything for her . . . any sacrifice . . ." continued Bobbie, the blissfully inane.

Bill, who could remember various of Bobbie's other love flutterings, handed him a tobacco pouch.

". . . Any sacrifice . . ." Bobbie continued to mutter.

"Let us hope it will hardly come to that," said Bill, reassuringly; and offered him a match.

To think that Bobbie could be such an ass! Over such a very ordinary girl, too!

"You know I'm jealous, too . . . deucedly jealous," Bobbie passed on to further confidences; "why, do you know, old fellow, I actually got quite ratty to-night just because she said she thought you handsome!"

"What rot!" exclaimed Bill, promptly taking a dislike to his new admirer. Of all things, he loathed to be called handsome; it reminded him of a rotten novel. He had no objection to "not bad looking," or "decent enough looking," but handsome! Bah! He quite disliked the silly girl!

"Rot, of course; but just you wait till your turn comes!" said the man of many turns, translating the remark to fit his own view of the situation.

II.

After lunch, in the Morning-room; one week later.

Rosie dabbed her eyes again. She had dabbed them many times during the preceding five minutes; her handkerchief rolled tightly into as small a ball as it would make.

Bobbie looked distractedly out of the window, and dismally whistled "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

A stifled sob.

"Darling, if it's anything I can do for you, do tell me," Bobbie urged. He had urged before.

"It's all . . . right, thank you . . . I'm . . really quite . . . all right."

Bobbie put a manly arm round her. "It's all wrong, Rosie; and you must tell me what it is," he said, determinedly.

Rosie leant her head against his manly shoulder, and sobbed openly.

"No, Bobbie, never; don't ask me . . . it's something . . . you must nev . . er know!"

Bobbie became even more determined. "But, dearest, I insist, and I have a right to!"

(*All rights strictly reserved*) (*Continued on page 496*)

HE (*of inquisitive mind*): "What's that thing, Maisie?"

SHE (*of superior knowledge*): "Why, a windmill, o' course"

HE (*o. i. m.*): "A win'mill; what's that?"

SHE (*o. s. k.*): "Why, that's where the wind comes from, silly?"

DRAWN BY CHAS. CROMBIE

(*Continued from page 494*)

"Wild horses wouldn't drag it from me!" said Rosie, ceasing to sob for a few seconds in order to be heroic more comfortably.

The heroic remark was overheard by Miss Jane Sayers, coming into the room just as it was uttered.

"Oh, my poor, brave girl!" she sniffled, and enfolded the weeping young heroine in her arms. Rosie continued to sob; though less comfortably than in her former position. Miss Jane was angular, and unversed in the art of folding to the heart. Still, she appreciated the situation.

"Aunt Jane, I must know what is the matter," pleaded Bobbie. "If you know, please tell me; it is only fair. You are aware how deeply I love Rosie. I would do anything for her. I would give my life, if need be. I would make any sacrifice. . . ."

"Could you give her up?" asked Aunt Jane, tragically.

"Yes," replied Bobbie, who had never thought of such a thing, and did not now really think about it seriously; "yes, I could even give her up, if need be. So now tell me what it is."

Bobbie struck a dramatic attitude.

"No, no; he must never know!" sobbed Rosie. But the remark was unheard, lost in the bagginess of Miss Jane Sayer's silk blouse.

"Then, Bobbie, give her up, for she loves another!" announced Aunt Jane, in accents befitting the tragic utterance.

"Give her up!" gasped Bobbie. "When we love each other so . . . so eternally!"

"It is no longer so!" Aunt Jane continued to announce suitably. Her words and look were fraught with meaning.

Bobbie staggered, quite involuntarily.

"Who is it?" he demanded, in a hoarse whisper.

"Your—bosom—friend!" Miss Jane Sayers gave a marked interval between each terrible word.

It really was dramatic!

Bobbie clutched a chair, and a much-embroidered chair-back came away in his hand.

"*Bill!*" he gasped.

During the silence which followed, the culprit came leisurely into the room. He was in search of tobacco, and fingered an empty pouch.

"Beg pardon! Didn't know anyone was here! What's the flag for, Bobbie?" Then, realising that a scene was taking place, he made efforts towards a quick departure.

Bobbie clutched him by the coat-tails.

"Stay!" he said hoarsely.

"Oh, don't hurt him, Bobbie!" Rosie sobbed, unheard, into Miss Jane's blouse.

Bill looked bewildered.

"Take her!" said Bobbie, in a choking voice.

The weeping Rosie was led towards him by Miss Jane Sayers. Bill backed as best he could.

"Take my Rose, I give her to you," Bobbie continued, chokingly; "she loves me no longer, she loves you instead! I sacrifice myself!"

Miss Jane Sayers, sniffling loudly, laid the weeping Rosie upon Bill's rigid person; she clung to him weeping.

"There's some mistake . . ." he began; but Bobbie had been led from the room by his sympathetic aunt; and Bill found himself left with the weeping Rosie clinging uncomfortably to him.

Now Bill also was unversed in the art of folding to the heart; he had never yet been aware that he possessed a heart of that description. On the floor lay his empty tobacco pouch.

III.

Half an hour later, in the Smoking-room.

". . . Um . . . and what about Bill?" Thomas Sayers, standing upon the hearth-rug in his smoking-room, looked inquiringly from his sister to his nephew.

"Bill!" echoed Miss Jane, much puzzled.

"Yes; Bill. I've heard all about Bobbie's magnificent sacrifice, and your very practical sympathy, and Rosie's most heartrending distress; but what about Bill? Where does he come in?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Bobbie dolefully; "he's got Rosie!"

"But does he want her?"

Both Bobbie and Miss Jane gasped together.

"Any fellow would be only too glad . . ." began Bobbie, the self-sacrificing.

"No they wouldn't; I shouldn't, for one!" interrupted his uncle, sharply.

"You're so different, Thomas," his sister told him reproachfully.

"I am well aware of that. All the same, it *might* have been me; and I should have objected strongly."

Hope was knocking at Bobbie's battered heart, but he put it sternly aside; he had a sacrifice to uphold, and there was no admittance for hope.

"Bill admired her from the first," he asserted dejectedly.

"A man doesn't want to marry every girl he thinks pretty," snapped Thomas Sayers, who, tired and lunchless, had listened to two lengthy accounts of Bobbie's troubles; one of them rendered almost indistinct by much sniffling from Miss Jane.

After a few minutes' frowning silence, he suggested, "Suppose we now consult Bill," and walked towards the door.

"Oh, don't disturb them yet; they've not had half an hour together!" pleaded Miss Jane. Bobbie groaned aloud.

"Seems to have been more than enough," observed her brother, glancing out of the window; "there's Bill tramping up my new gravel shamefully, and looking as glum as a blight-laden tea rose!" He opened the window and called.

"Thank Heaven you've got back, sir!" exclaimed Bill, bounding in.

"As bad as that, is it?" asked his host, smiling in spite of his annoyance.

Bill held his pipe in his hand. "She insisted on filling it for me, and now it won't draw!" he said plaintively.

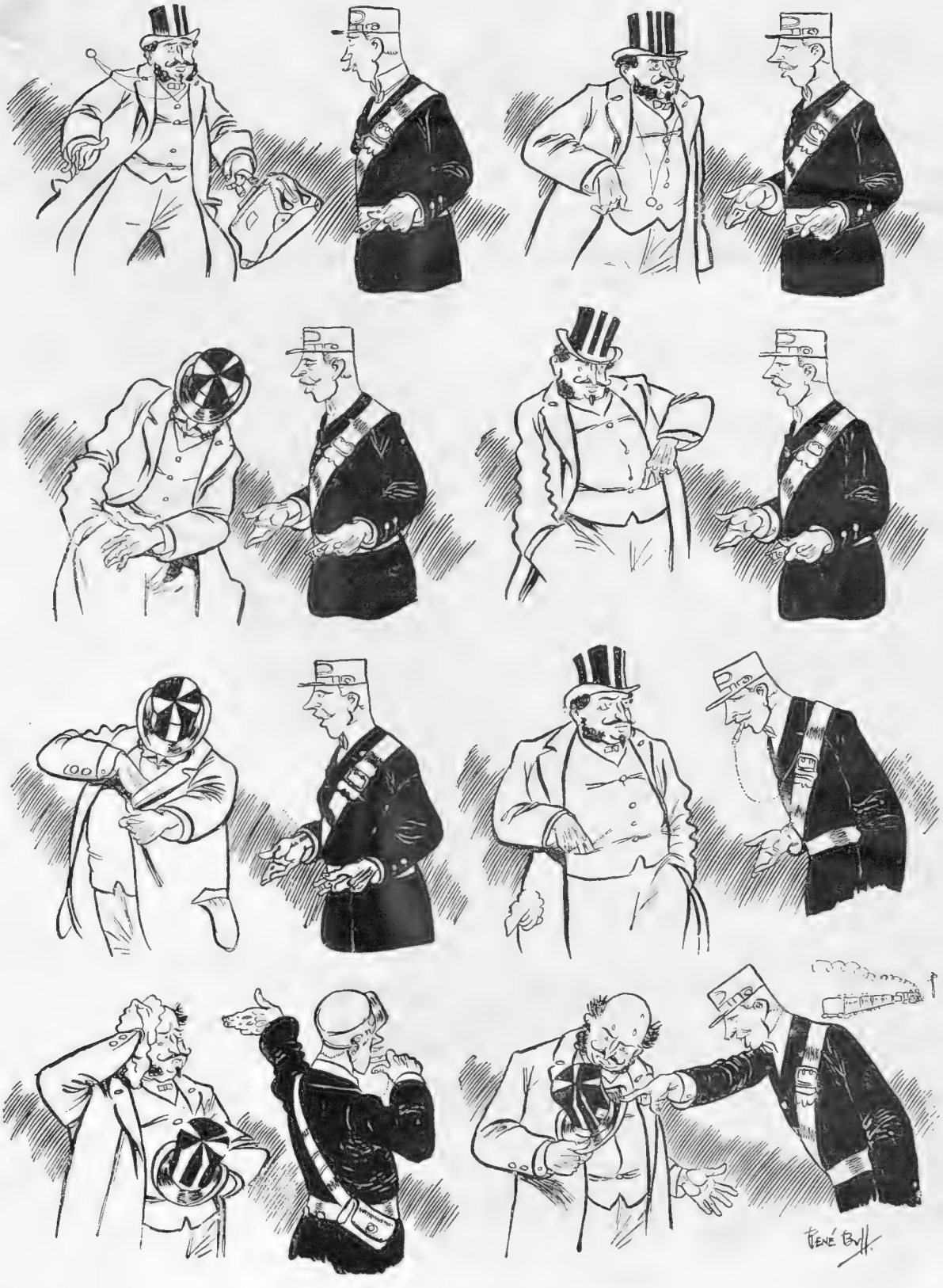
Then Thomas Sayers laughed heartily, and Bill joined in.

"What the devil am I to do?" he asked, something comforted. "It's all very funny, but she thinks we're engaged, and Bobbie here . . ."

"Is breaking his heart to the tune of Jane's sympathetic sniffling!" put in Bobbie's uncle, and laughed on.

(*Continued on page 498*)

"TICKETS, PLEASE!"



HOW MR. BROWN LOST HIS TRAIN

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL

(*Continued from page 496*)

"I fail to understand . . ." began Bobbie.

"You've done that all along, you young lunatic," Thomas Sayers interrupted again. "Can't you see Bill doesn't want your girl!"

"Not want her!"

"Rather not!" said Bill emphatically.

A look of great relief passed over Bobbie's countenance, for one moment only; the next he was miserable again.

"But Rosie . . ." he murmured.

"Oh, bother Rosie!" said Thomas Sayers, who was really tired and hungry.

But Bobbie was determined.

"Rosie loves you," he said to Bill; "you must never let her know of this hideous mistake. I . . . I will go away!"

Aunt Jane was now openly in floods of tears. She was calling Bobbie a hero, but nobody could have understood her gurgling.

"And leave Bill saddled with Rosie? Most heroic of you!" supplemented Thomas. "Oh, Jane, if you can't see that it is really only a laughing matter, do go away and order me some lunch," he implored his sister.

As the gurgling lady left the room, trying in vain to gulp out the word "heartless," Bobbie took his friend by the arm, saying gently: "Bill, you must sacrifice yourself too."

"He'll do nothing so idiotic!" said Bill's host, decidedly. "All he need do for a bit is to keep you out of mischief while I tackle Miss Rosie!"

. . . . . .

Another half hour later on, Thomas Sayers, having tackled Rosie and partaken of lunch, stretched himself out in one of the comfortable velvet-covered chairs in his smoking-room, and sighing with relief, leisurely filled his pipe. In another chair sat Bill Summerhays, with his pipe.

"Yes, you'd be on the safer side if you caught the afternoon train back to town," he observed. Then, in answer to Bill's inquiring look, he continued, with a chuckle: "I told her you had a tendency to drink, were given to the use of bad language, and would certainly develop into a wife-beater! She considers that she has had a lucky escape! And is now telling Bobbie it was all a stupid mistake!"

"It was rather a near thing," observed Bill, with a grin of great relief.

Outside, Bobbie and Rosie could be seen wending their way towards a secluded part of the garden they frequently frequented.

Thomas Sayers took his pipe out of his mouth to be used as a pointer:

"There, but for a graceless liar, goes Bill Summerhays!"

ETHEL HOLMES.

Mule transport for hauling grain in California

Mule transport, similar to that seen in the illustration, is also adopted in Western Canada, whence come some amazing figures of the wheat crop now being harvested. It is estimated at one hundred million bushels. Wheat is now commanding a high price, and this is almost certain to continue, especially in view of the fact that Russia has recently prohibited the export of wheat. Therefore, if the price to the farmer is placed at 4*s.* 2*d.* per bushel—and this is a reasonable figure considering the present prices—there will be at least 100,000,000 dollars, or £20,000,000, put into circulation amongst the farmers as the result of a season's work, and through them amongst the business houses, giving such an impetus to trade throughout Canada as was never before experienced, even in the prosperous seasons that the Dominion has previously enjoyed. Attracted by many accounts that are appearing from time to time of the marvellous crops in Canada, and of the keen demand for labourers, a very large movement of people from this country is taking place, and in view of the success that has attended the efforts of those comprising this movement, it is only to be expected that this tide of emigration is likely to continue. But before intending settlers leave, they will be well-advised to apply for information and other particulars respecting Canadian conditions to the Commissioner of Emigration, 11 and 12, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

"KNOWLEDGE PUFFETH UP THE LITTLE MAN."—*(Proverb)*

HE (*of the "know-all" variety, wishing to help inquiring lady to understand the principle of the steam engine*): "You see, it's like this, one thing comes up and another goes down; then they let on the smoke, which makes the wheels go round. That's called the hydraulic principle"

SHE: "Dear me! I had no idea it was so simple"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

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while it is some nine years since she first came into notice as a novelist, it is upwards of twenty since her first book, "The Parish of Hilby," appeared. It was well reviewed, but did not sell—an experience every writer has to endure; and some more than once. Rather be badly reviewed and sell well, is the cynic's view; and that is as rare as the other condition is common. But Mr. Bentley was attracted by Mrs. Mann's work, and saw a great future for her. He published her second book, "A Lost Estate," and again the critics praised and the public didn't buy. Still the novelist persevered, surrendering nothing to public caprice, until she had won both critical approval and popularity. After all, it is the public, and not the critics, that makes the fame of an author.

"Advising as to Title"

"Hints on Advising as to Title" was the description of a book which I saw announced the other day, and it struck me, at the moment, that this was a most desirable work for every author; but closer reading proved that it was a legal treatise touching the musty details of property-holding. Some altruistic person should really compile a book which would tell an author at a glance whether the title he is cherishing for his next book has been used before, and if so, how often. Lady Napier of Magdala has just written a novel which she calls "As the Sparks Fly Upward." I wonder how often this has already been used. Not long ago, Mrs. Shorter chose it for a book of hers, and I remember that Mr. Blatchford was on the point of using it for that fine novel of his, "A Son of the Forge," which it would have suited like a glove, but refrained because it had been taken by (I fancy) Mrs. Linnæus Banks. And I have no doubt "there are others." There must literally be dozens of books with the simple title "Gwen." A new one is advertised by the publishers of Lady Napier's novel, and last year Ralph Connor wrote a short book with this title. Here is a new idea for the collector: to gather books of the same title by different authors. It would be more interesting and instructive than some of the collecting fads of the moment. I had a curious experience recently in the matter of a title. For twelve years I had cherished a certain name for a book, and mentioned it casually to a publisher one day. "Why," he said, "that is the title of a book I am considering just now." "Too bad," I rejoined, "after my nursing it for twelve years; but I think I have the prior claim, as my work begins serially at once." A day or two later I told this to a literary friend, and mentioned the title. "But that's *my* book," he said. And it appeared that he too for years had been keeping this title up his sleeve. He generously offered to rechristen his work, and it was a sorrow for me a few days back to tell him that the new title he had chosen is that of one of Mrs. Mather's novels!

Photo by *Shepstone*

A little girl prettily posed on the big leaves of the Royal Water-lily

The Victoria Regia, or Royal Water-lily, is the most wonderful of all aquatic plants. It grows very rapidly, its tray-shaped leaves often obtaining a diameter of 7 or 8 ft. They are so strong and bouyant that they will stand an immense weight, from 150 to 220 lbs. or more. The bloom of the Victoria Regia, which, when expanded, measures about 15 in. in diameter, only lasts two days, the flower during that time changing from white to a rosy pink. The plant is a native of South America, and was first discovered by the traveller, Honeke, in 1801. An Englishman, however, Sir R. Schomburgk, really called public attention to the plant. It was first grown in this country at Chatsworth, and named after the late Queen Victoria

The Romance of the Cactus

It is no exaggeration to say that the cactus is not only the strangest, but the most wonderful and fascinating plant in the world. Some of them are no larger than a thimble, while others attain a height of 40, 50, and even 60 ft. and weigh several tons. These larger specimens are without question very old. Some scientists even go so far as to put their age down at 2,000 years.

This plant retains within itself a slightly acrid, but not altogether unpalatable, liquid, that is a fair substitute for water, which fact has earned for it the title of "the water barrel of the desert."

The pulp of one plant, the yucca, may be made to produce an excellent grade of paper, while the maguey or agave, grown only in the Central States of Mexico, is virtually the Mexican's brewer. It supplies him with his national drink. In appearance it may be likened to a good-sized bush, made up of a series of flat, armoured blades radiating from a central bulb. The inner leaves roll themselves into a conical shape, and it is in these that the liquid, called "honey water," is found. It is extracted by making a cut in the leaf and then sucking the water up into a receptacle that looks all the world like a pumpkin. From this it is emptied into pigskins carried on the backs of donkeys, and in this way conveyed to the plantation brewery, where it is placed in tanks to ferment. It is then ready for sale, and is known throughout Mexico as Pulque. To the stranger it is anything but an appetising liquid. Its smell is decidedly offensive, and it looks remarkably like dirty, soapy water.

A Cactus of Fantastic Shape

The Giant Cactus of the American Deserts

A Mexican sucking "Pulque" into a pumpkin, from the heart of an Agave or Maguey species of Cactus

The Agave is largely cultivated in Mexico, and from it a liquid is obtained (as shown in our illustration), which, after fermentation, is called Pulque, and is the national drink of Mexico. After the Mexican has sucked as much as possible of the liquid into his pumpkin, he empties it into the pigskins on the donkey's back, and conveys it to the plantation brewery

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Sport for the Channel Fleet

or golfer, and I challenge contradiction when I assert that Jamie Anderson never made an enemy throughout his career. His father was the famous old Daw Anderson, a familiar figure to our generation as the keeper of the ginger-beer stall at the short hole at St. Andrews for so many years, and at the ninth hole towards the end of his career. I do not think old Daw was ever a great player, but he bore the reputation of having been one of the finest and trustiest of caddies, and took part in this capacity in most of the famous encounters of the old Tom Morris, the "Dunnies," and Park days. I have no doubt, therefore, that Jamie was teethed, so to speak, on a golf club, and took to the game as naturally as a duck to water.

Pupil and Teacher

I remember well, during the blackest period of my "socketing" affliction, going one day in desperation to Jamie and engaging him to take me out and exorcise the demon which was turning my golf into a severe and bitter affliction instead of a joy and blessing as it ought to be. I felt certain that such a master of iron shots would inevitably detect the rift within the lute, would mend it, and would enable me once more to produce decent sounding music. I grieve to say that Jamie found me a hopeless patient. Whether the fault lay in the teacher or the pupil I know not, but I have reluctantly to record the fact that my disease went on with unabated virulence, in spite of Jamie's medicinal advice. His counsels were very sound, and I did my best to follow them, but as in the main they consisted merely in explanations of his own successful methods and exhortations to me to imitate and reproduce them, I felt instinctively that he lacked the power to put himself in my skin and work the cure from the inside instead of the outside. Still, I enjoyed watching his perfect execution of the strokes which at that time were my bane and nightmare.

A Wonderful Boast

It was during the course of these few lessons that he told me that during the course of his famous match with Jimmy Allan, which was played over several courses, he, Jamie, was never more than half a yard off the line he intended to go, and, judging by what I saw of his play at St. Andrews in that match, I have not the least doubt that he was telling me the plain unvarnished truth, however miraculous his statement may seem. Poor Jamie has left hosts of friends behind him who will, like myself, sincerely mourn his loss. It has been a mournful pleasure to me to pay this tribute to his great merits, and I offer my heartfelt condolences on their loss to his admirable sons, who have made such a famous name for themselves among the club makers of the world.

Ernest Lehmann

The Channel Fleet in the Baltic: Members of the Dantzig Football Club, which played against a team of English sailors

The German eleven in the group are dressed in black, and their names, reading from left to right, are: Mandel (goal), Roth, Peters, Tietz, Schlücker, Frödlich, Feyerabend, Schmidt (Captain), Jim Proctor (a Scotsman); in the middle of second row (sitting), Müller and Köper. The Pastor of the British Mission to Seamen at Newfahrwasse (near Dunsby) has taken great interest in the club, which was founded two years ago, and has often sent English sailors to play against members. The team consists of three students, five clerks, two engineers, and one teacher at the Gymnasium

Runners-up in the Championship

Hallows W. Findlay Kermode Worsley Sharp Tyldesley

W. Brearley Radcliffe L. O. S. Poidevin A. C. MacLaren Heap H. G. Garnett A. H. Hornby

Lancashire, defeated by Yorkshire in the Championship by a narrow margin

Vine R. A. Young Leach B. P. Chapman Killick Cox Clayton (trainer)

Photos by C. L. A. Smith Relf C. B. Fry Butt K. O. Goldie *Post.*

Sussex, which finished third in the Championship

Matters Musical

The Queen's Hall Orchestra

It is pleasant to chronicle the progress towards perfection of the Queen's Hall Orchestra. This season, though the Promenade Concerts have only been running, at the time of writing, for just over a week, they have already proved themselves to be in far better form than last year. Under the indefatigable Mr. Wood, they are now playing excellently together, and the brass section in particular, seems to have improved immensely. Among the novelties that have already been produced, perhaps the most interesting is the Suite on Russian Folk-Tunes by Max Bruch. First performed about a year ago, in Germany, this was its first hearing in England. Of the five movements of which it is composed, the most effective is the Funeral March, which is beautifully scored, and of which the themes are sufficiently weird and dolorous. The final Allegro is a very fascinating movement, and the whole suite will well repay the trouble of going to hear it.

The Promenade Concerts

In writing of the Promenade Concerts, one cannot omit a mention of the clever playing of Miss Sybil Keymer, a twelve-year old pupil of Wilhelmj. She played the Mendelssohn Concerto very skilfully, and if she had not the mature feeling at her command that is necessary for an ideal performance of the second movement, that is scarcely her fault. Decked out for the promenaders (they should, surely, be called "standers"), the somewhat dingy Queen's Hall presents quite a festive appearance, with its palms and fountain, and banks of flowers, and it is surprising to see what crowds of people flock to it, not only on "popular" evenings, but even when such classic composers as Beethoven and Tchaikovsky supply the programmes. Whether this indicates an improvement in the public taste (which one would fain believe), or whether it is that people feel bound to patronise such an inexpensive entertainment, it would be difficult to say, but one recalls many nights last year when the room was half empty under similar conditions. It is worth noticing that the prices asked for season-tickets work out at an extremely low figure per concert. In the promenade it costs one a little over 4*d.* a night; a seat in the balcony is about 8½*d.*; while one can sit in the grand circle for less than 1*s.* 1*d.* It should be remembered that:

Monday is *Wagner* night.
Tuesday is *Popular* night.
Wednesday is *Classical* night.
Thursday is *Popular* night.
Friday is *Classical* night.
Saturday is *Popular* night.

Miss Janotha, the Court Pianiste of Germany
Who has just been decorated by the Shah with the Order of the Lion and the Sun

Sunday Concerts at the Albert Hall

Arrangements have been made for a series of Sunday concerts at the Albert Hall, commencing on October 8, and continuing each Sunday till June of next year. To this end, negotiations have been concluded with the Queen's Hall and London Symphony Orchestras by which they will take it in turn to supply the music. This plan is the same as that adopted some time ago, and still in force at Queen's Hall. The first Sunday concert of the new series at Queen's Hall will be given on October 1 by Mr. Wood's band, which will play at the Albert Hall on October 8, and at Queen's Hall again on October 15, and so on. The London Symphony Orchestra follow them a week later at either hall in turn. Some excellent soloists have already been engaged, amongst whom one notices the names of Mme. Marchesi and Mme. Alice Esty, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The grand tier boxes will provide a number of seats at 5*s.*, and other prices will range from 3*s.* to 1*s.*, free admission being given to the gallery (in which seats may be had at 6*d.* each). So many people have nothing to do on Sunday afternoon when in town, that movements like these deserve every encouragement.

Miss Janotha Honoured

While Kubelik has been driving a railway engine in Wales, and Mr. Wood has been conducting without a baton at Queen's Hall, Miss Janotha has been playing the pianoforte before the Shah. Time was, we have it on record, when to make music before an Eastern potentate was by no means a healthy occupation, and one that was liable to be recompensed by the hurling of javelins. Luckily for Miss Janotha, however, things have changed since that time, even in the East, and the Shah has decorated the Imperial Court Pianiste of Germany with the Order of the Lion and the Sun. H. F

The Growth of Football in London

CHELSEA FOOTBALL CLUB AND THEIR MAGNIFICENT NEW GROUND AT STAMFORD BRIDGE

Members of the Chelsea Football Club

FRONT ROW (*left to right*): M. Dowland, A. V. Seaten, Wolfe, Watson
SECOND ROW: Moran, Donaghy, T. Miller, Jas. Robertson, O'Hara, Windridge, Key, Kirwan
THIRD ROW: Byrne, McRoberts, Foulke (Captain), Copeland, Mackie, McEwan, Craigie, Jack White (Assistant Trainer)
BACK ROW: J. T. Robertson (Manager), H. A. Mears (Director), F. W. Parker (Hon. Financial Secretary), James Miller and Harry Ransom (Trainers), W. Lewis (Secretary)

Chelsea's fine new ground at Stamford Bridge

The new ground marks a fresh chapter in the history of professional football in the South, and more particularly in London. Time was when the Londoner had few opportunities of witnessing first-class "Soccer" matches. New clubs and new grounds are now springing up on all sides. Chelsea's new ground, built on the site of the old athletic ground at Stamford Bridge, will comfortably accommodate 150,000 spectators

YORK: Round the Town

The west front of York Minster

York Minster is among the most magnificent of English Cathedrals. The most ancient part of the building is the central wall of the existing crypt, which survived the conflagration of the city during the Norman invasion

Stonegate, York

York breathes the very spirit of history. The attention of the visitor is first arrested by the old city walls pierced by picturesque gates. Note the old-world appearance of this street, and the old houses on the right

Lendal Bridge and the Ouse looking down the river

From the Lendal Bridge one gains a fine view of the river, part of the walls and the grounds of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary. The existing ruins are chiefly those of the Church, while the old Guest-house is used as a museum for Roman and other antiquities

YORK: At the Races

The County Stand at the York August Meeting

The above illustration would seem to give the lie to reports from the Course that there was a slight falling off in the aggregate muster during the York August Meeting, which concluded last Friday

The Crowd in the Paddock at York Races

The feature of the last day's racing (Friday) was the success of Maher, who rode winners in the Stand Selling Handicap, the Harewood Handicap, the Lowther Selling Plate, and the Fairfield Plate

The Connoisseur

Old Prints.—II

One particular charm of old prints is that they so often preserve for us in an agreeable and unostentatious form portraits of beauties and brave men who have decorated history or amused a Court. The collection of mezzotints now to be seen at the British Museum, to which we have already referred, is particularly rich from this point of view. From the Restoration to the Regency, the leading characters of the long social drama are preserved for our amusement and criticism. For instance, Vaillant, who assisted Prince Rupert in perfecting the technique of mezzotint, left us a valuable portrait of his fellow craftsman; after Lely, Blooteling, who lived in England for three years, gave us the well-known Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza, as well as the Princess of Orange and some beauties of the Court; Valck and Tompson engraved William III., and Alexander Browne dealt with some twenty famous personages, mostly after Lely; while the Knellers were constantly reproduced by men like Beckett, George White, John Smith, and so forth. With McArdell and Edward Fisher, the whole eighteenth-century social world, that Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney painted, is laid before us with all the grace and charm characteristic of those artists and their period, and all the fine distinction which perfect mezzotint work gives to a printed portrait. The well-known "David Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy" is by Edward Fisher, who, like very many of the best mezzotint engravers, was an Irishman, who found a home in London. Dublin produced many of the best men, such as Frye, also a portrait painter, and manager, at one time, of the historic china factory at Bow; Richard Purcell, who occasionally confuses the amateur of prints by signing his work by his *alias*, Corbutt; Houston, famous for his mezzotints after Rembrandt; Watson, whose engravings of many of the Reynolds' ladies and of the painter of Dr. Johnson, and of Burke, are greatly sought for; John Murphy, whose William Pitt, after Miller, is well known; and Dixon, who worked with great skill for a short period, and was among the last of the long list of brilliant Irishmen who brought their skill to this engaging work, which, by the way, may be said to be both interpretative and instinct with the native charm which the engravers' personality often supplied.

Among the most fresh and interesting portraits—in the Museum collection in which there is nothing mean or *banal*—the "Lady Cadogan" of John Dean, the exquisite "Mrs. Gwyn" of Young, McArdell's "Mrs. Sandby," and Houston's "Countess of Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester," are perhaps most arresting, although it would be easy to add fifty more to the list without exhausting one half of the delights of the gallery. E. M.

"Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy." After Sir Joshua Reynolds. From the mezzotint by Edward Fisher (1762)
(From "The Print Collectors' Handbook")

With Knapsack and Kodak

By Our Special Walking Commissioner,

HENRY MURRAY

No. II.—From Andover to Salisbury

[*"Back to the land" has long been a common cry. Of late it has fallen upon willing ears. Discussion upon the Simple Life would not have spread so wide if the people had not been in a mood to receive the new doctrine. Already a section of them is agitating for model country cottages. But many townsfolk have little knowledge of the land to which they instinctively yearn. The pleasant and literary quality of this series of articles by Mr. Henry Murray, the well-known critic and writer, will not be spoilt by a slight flavouring of purpose. This story of the country would be incomplete without occasional reference to social and economic conditions. In a word, Mr. Murray will "rediscover" Rural England for our readers.*]

From Andover to Salisbury is as little tempting a stretch of road to the ordinary pedestrian as could easily be found in England. According to the map, it is but eighteen miles, but, covered under a burning sun in a single day it seems much more like eighty. It is a series of precipitous hills and valleys, and it winds and twists like a corkscrew. The villages the road threads, like beads upon a string, are few and far apart, and the scenery, every individual item of which is beautiful, palls on the eye after a time from its sheer monotony of tranquil loveliness.

The Land of Dickens and Hardy

Salisbury is a beautiful town, and its magnificent cathedral and quaintly handsome thoroughfares have seen and played their parts in a good many hundred years of English history. Ralph Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Lord High Constable; Richard II.; the fourth, sixth, seventh, and eighth Henries; James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and William III., have all trodden its pavements. It was here that Walter Raleigh, old, sick, weary, and disgraced, made his last plea for life by inditing his "Apology for the Voyage to Guina." It was here also that "the deep-revolving, witty Buckingham" received the reward of death for his faithful labours in the cause of Richard. But the historic shadows which people the streets of Salisbury are less real to me than the figure of Mr. Pecksniff, and I would barter a good number of its antiquities to know which of its many comfortable hostelries was that in which John Westlake gave Martin Chuzzlewit and Tom Pinch that famous dinner, or in which of its innumerable churches Jude the Obscure was married to Sue Bridehead. For Salisbury is the "Midchester" of the Wessex novels, and it is not least among the glories of the place that it has been consecrated by the genius of Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy.

Taken with a *Kodak*

Old Norman Door, St. Mary's, Axminster

Historic Wilton

A longish three miles beyond Salisbury, on the road to Shaftesbury, lies Wilton, one of the most charming and beautiful little places in all England. I narrowly escaped assassination by referring to it, in the presence of some dozen of its natives, as "a village." It is little more than that in extent and population, but, in the historical sense even stately Salisbury must take rank beneath it as a parvenu. Its authentic history goes back beyond the ninth century. It boasts the third oldest charter in the country, being beaten in this regard only by London and Winchester. It gave its name to the county of Wiltshire. It held the Court of Egbert, King of Wessex. It was the scene of a bloody and decisive battle between Alfred and the Danes. The Empress Maud, "the Lady of England," held Royal State here.

The Agricultural Question

The main business of my expedition is to ascertain, to the best of my ability and information, the condition of labour in the Southern Counties of England, to see what justification there is for the long-continued cry which has been raised regarding the exodus of the peasant from the country to the towns, and to indicate such remedies for the alleged condition of affairs as may suggest themselves, or be suggested, to me. Up to date—for I am living in

this matter, so to speak, from hand to mouth, and drawing my weekly tale of "copy" from my day-to-day experience—I cannot but think that the difficulties and dangers of the situation have been needlessly exaggerated.

No Need for Pessimism

I may see reason later on, after a more extended survey, to revise that opinion, but, so far as my wanderings have yet led me, I have seen little to justify the extremely pessimistic outlook in regard to agricultural matters which is so common nowadays in the Press and on the platform. That agriculture in England is a dying industry is lamentably true, but it is dying slowly and quietly; it is in a slow decline, not a galloping consumption. Whether wise statesmanship will be able to arrest the disease is a question for later consideration. We are in a period of transition, and many and diverse causes are working towards one end. The introduction of machinery into agricultural life is certainly a factor of prime importance. Equally, or perhaps even more important, is the increasing importation of foreign food-stuffs, both grain and meat.

Taken with a *Kodak*

On the Road: A tramp and his family

Distress not Acute

The tailor and the seamstress must have cheap food—hence the importation of the means of life from foreign countries, and the consequent distress of English agriculture. But that distress, so far as I have yet been able to observe, is not by any means unbearably acute. I have paid particular attention to the appearance of the villages through which I have walked on my way from Basingstoke, and to the physical condition of the people I have met. I have not yet seen a single empty cottage, nor any habitation which was not weathertight and in good repair. From which I conclude that in Hampshire and Wiltshire, at all events, the most that can be said regarding the numbers of the rural population is that those numbers are stationary. The physique of the people, men, women, and children, is excellent; I have not seen one single face or figure which spoke of insufficient food or privation of any kind.

It is certain that the majority of men born on the land are deserting it for the towns, or, at all events, for other than the rural occupations of their fathers, and to this there are many contributory causes.

One cause, sufficiently important to claim especial mention, is the rapid failure of winter work on English farms. Much of the work which used to be necessary in the way of clearing up, after the year's labour, is no longer needed. The hedger and ditcher, once an indispensable labourer on every farm, is no longer needed The luxuriant hedges, which Ruskin long ago characterised as "the glory of English landscape and the shame of English husbandry," is disappearing from off the face of the land, and being replaced by that economical and inæsthetic abomination, the wire fence. Harvest once over, thousands of labourers, who would formerly have been secure of at least an adequate living wage throughout the winter, go to swell the ranks of the unemployed, or subsist as best they may from hand to mouth on casual jobs. This is not a state of affairs for which it is easy to suggest a remedy. Farming in England is not a very lucrative business, and the farmer is justified in taking all possible measures to increase the yielding power of his lands and to diminish his expenses. The hedges were beautiful, but they sucked from the soil a large proportion of the nutriment now diverted to the crops. They were pleasant to the eye of the traveller, but their annual tending cost the farmer money. The upshot of which is, that men employed during the summer are now passed on with the promise, if they are worth it, of being employed the following year, if they happen to be about the district, and employment on a farm shrinks to the numbers of the indispensable permanent staff — carters, dairymen, shepherds, etc., etc. As we leave the harvesting season further behind us, I may, and probably shall, see the results of this state of things with my own eyes. At present, I speak of it only on the testimony of those who have had long personal experience of country life.

HENRY MURRAY.

(To be continued next week)

Taken with a *Kodak*

Italian musicians at a roadside inn

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

It may be very salutary to be made to realise one's limitations, but the experience is scarcely pleasant. I have just been through it—so I know—at the hands of a fair American, who imparted to me in the short space of an hour more information than I could possibly have acquired for myself in the course of several years. My brain is a seething mass of undigested matter, one or two points, however, contriving to force their way through the *melée* to the front. As, for instance, the objection taken by our critical Transatlantic friends to the way the London woman of late has taken to over-dressing in the morning. They protest against the taste of shopping in muslin and laces, to say nothing of the transit from one shopping purlieus to another, in omnibus or train, and the protest is altogether too replete with reason to be passed over without pause.

On the other hand, I personally take great exception to the limitations of the tailor style adopted by the Globe-trotting American. In that ubiquitous pepper-and-salt suiting of theirs, they are as indistinguishable, the one from the other, as a flock of sheep. But this much, at least, may be said of them, they are never draggle-tailed, and that, indeed, shall be counted unto them for grace. But in their emphatic expression of the severe, they surely come perilously near that most unpardonable sin, monotony.

A hat of the hour

(Sketched by K. Pleydel Young)

American Versatility

Apart from clothes, I bowed my head in due submission before the splendid mental and physical energy of my American companion, who, as a mere incident among other multifarious occupations, was picking up antiques on commission for an American store. Her method throughout was "hustle," and that is an attitude so totally at variance with British understanding that she literally swept away at her own valuation—which, it is only just to say, was always strictly fair—a wealth of weird Staffordshire pottery—mostly canine specimens—and bought up one shop's whole collection of old rolled gold brooches, set with amethysts, and at another commandeered a lifetime collection of crystal drops for decking out lampshades.

In fact, we whirled through the sweet, sleepy little town of Rye like a tornado, and at Winchelsea left the dear old dame, who presides over the small lace industry there, in a condition of complete stupefaction, and, I am persuaded, harassed by a certain doubt as to whether she would not be incontinently flung into another hemisphere, willy-nilly.

This Winchelsea lace, by the way, is worth investigating. It emanates from Buckinghamshire, and is wonderfully good in appearance, and quite unlike any imitation *dentelle*, although it seems to me the patterns are open to improvement. But this criticism I proffer in all humility, and doubtless the quicker-witted fair American, when she has gone thoroughly into the subject, as is her intention, will perceive and aptly supply the want, if the assumption be accepted that one prevails.

The Latest Sport's Coat

What a perfectly invaluable thing is technical knowledge. Months and months ago, my brain, urged by a motoring need, endeavoured to evolve a wrap that should have all the easy adjusting virtues of a cape, combined with the smart appearance of a coat, but somehow the thought would not work out, and I abandoned the idea as hopeless. So, pleasurable indeed was my surprise to find the identical thing materialised—thanks to a clear technical understanding—at

The Aquascutum Co., Ltd., 100, Regent Street

This firm is literally leaping ahead, with its clever waterproof tweeds and cloths, and I may advise those, if any there be still ignorant of the fact, that Aquascutum is a treatment whereby the actual yarn is primarily attacked ere it is woven, a second application being made in the piece stuff. It is a quite unique discovery, and the firm at 100, Regent Street have the exclusive monopoly. Added to which, the cut, workmanship, and style, of the garments leave absolutely nothing to be desired. There is the above-mentioned coat, for example, entitled, "The Coverall," and for the moment at least, until some superior rival puts in an appearance, this stands easily at the top of the list of practical motoring wraps.

The feature, as will be readily gleaned from the

A waterproof coat, sketched at the Aquascutum Company

picture, are the sleeves, which are cut with an immense sweep at the top, and narrowed off to comfortable cuff dimensions at the wrists. Thus, "The Coverall" can be slipped on easily over the most bulky fur wrap, while, thanks to a generous fulness everywhere, the proportions are never lost. The collar is a jolly one, and stands up with splendid precision, and well over the ears, when occasion demands, a tab, cut in one, making all secure in front.

Twice a year, the Aquascutum people make a clean sweep of their designs, as they do not find imitation the most sincere form of flattery, their fancy, this season, running strongly to greens, with faint overplaids. And quite recently they have found it expedient to extend their efforts to costumes, and their success in this quarter is quite unprecedented.

I do not know when I have seen more fascinating tailor suits. There is one I especially covet, with a neat pleated skirt and morning cut of coat; and the golfing girl will find a perfect dream of a skirt, that is cleverly contrived to afford perfect freedom at the foot, while the lightness is almost incredible. There is a golf coat, too, a marvel of ingenuity, with the armhole open beneath, to allow for a full swing. Then in case this panegyric, which is inspired by very honest enthusiasm, should unwittingly spell costliness, I am emboldened to add that the "Coverall" pictured is priced at four guineas, and costumes commence at five guineas, the coat and front width of skirt lined silk.

A Hat of the Hour

The hat pictured on page 515 is of Yedda straw, with soft, crushed crown. The choice is a scheme carried through in the new shade of garnet, the feathers shaded at the tips.

A Mondaine's Bathing Dress

I can vouch for the story that *le dernier cri* in bathing attire comprises a dress of black silk, embroidered in white, and lined through with mackintosh. History does not relate the sensations occasioned by the latter next the skin; probably, the thought has just occurred to me, silk tights are worn beneath, but the whole affair is too startling not to be published aloud from the housetops. At Newport, in the States, it is quite a recognised fashion to don becoming bathing attire, and lie about the beach the whole morning, without so much as wetting a finger-tip or toe. Now this, for a nation of prudes, is not bad, is it? Speaking for myself, I should say it asked some courage to dare so bold a convention, irrespective of all reason or excuse. But then I am hopelessly, helplessly, English, and past praying for.

SPECIAL SALE.

A few of these smart little models in real Seal, lined Brocade, are offered at

£16 10 each.

Ditto, in best quality imitation Seal, same cut,

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Gibbs' Shaving Soap makes shaving easy, pleasant, and effective. By softening the beard, and imparting a thick, creamy lather, it considerably lessens the razor's work.
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ALMOST invariably there is a piano in every house, and more often than not it remains well-nigh untouched.

Although several members of the family may be fond of music, yet perhaps only one can play, and from a limited *répertoire* naturally selects compositions most congenial to himself or herself. No one else is completely satisfied with the selection, probably preferring something different. Consequently, the performer meets with but little genuine encouragement, and the piano gradually becomes merely a piece of furniture.

How different it would be if everyone could play, and play whatever they wished.

Yet with the Pianola everyone can play any composition, and, moreover, they can give a far better performance than the average hand-player. With the Metrostyle Pianola they can play exactly as the great musicians of the present day. This sounds incredible, but you have only to visit Æolian Hall at any time to prove it for yourself. You will find that, even with no practical knowledge of music, all the work written for the piano is open to you. This is because the Pianola must make you play any score correctly, but yet allows you complete control over time, touch, tone, and expression, and thus gives an artistic rendering.

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A Woman's Note Book

I often wonder why girls do not go in for sport in a more thorough manner; of course, when I speak of sport I do not mean to revive that tiresome game-playing problem, which has agitated the Press lately, until we are positively wearied with hearing of the misdemeanours of the hockey girl; but I refer to what a man sportsman calls sport—such as fishing, shooting, and hunting. I am aware that these are more or less expensive pastimes, and do not come within the reach of every woman; but even among those who *can* indulge in them, comparatively few choose to do so. Only a handful of women go in for shooting. Not many, though perhaps a rather larger number, are fond of fishing, and even those who follow the hounds are few, compared with the number of girls who used to hunt—viewed, I mean, by the recent march of events which we call progress in these matters. Of course, such hobbies require for their devotee a strong, determined woman, physically and mentally robust, and one to whom a nervous system is mysterious nonsense. We prided ourselves upon being such people ten years ago, but we are strong and determined no longer, being preoccupied instead with psychological problems; thinking ourselves nervous, overdone, nay, well-nigh worn out. Poor humanity is now engaged in melancholy discussions as to whether it is degenerating, or has degenerated, or is at no very distant period going to degenerate, and, apparently, these sad topics are doing the very work we anticipate, and paralysing our vigour. No wonder!

But there is another reason, I believe—with which I feel more sympathy than with the self-dissecting one—why girls have a sort of horror of becoming regular sportswomen, and it is because those who *do* affect this character go out of their way to make themselves so appallingly ugly. There is a fad, and unfortunately rather a popular one, among girls at the present day, to disregard their looks, and place all their reliance upon what they call *themselves*—thereby meaning their tastes, capabilities, and manners; for, of course, women in all ages give themselves credit for *some* pretension to charm. We have not *changed* since the far-off days of Eve; it is just the same woman who counts on her persuasiveness, though through the ages she has supplied man with surface variations. But I think the fad is a mistake; everything is ugly in these days—ugly and useful. It is a great thing to be useful; but I am prepared to deny that there is any necessity to attach to this quality all the ugliness with which we freely endow it. Look at the cottages we build! And the modern mansions! Consider the frightful toys upon which we let our children cultivate their artistic tastes! Think of our hurry, noise, unrest, our clothes, *and* our motoring costumes! Everything is frightful, either with a silent ugliness or a loudly expressive one; and woman, also, is beginning to pride herself upon being ugly on every possible occasion.

I think it would be a great gain if some of our more graceful pastimes were revived and allowed to take their places among those which we have ordained shall be so unnecessarily ugly. I mean some of the old graceful dances, while more attention might be given to figure-skating, and the satisfactory reintroduction of archery to its former popularity would be a great boon. At least, this would be a chance for those girls who are sufficiently old-fashioned and frivolous to care about their appearance—and I own to much sympathy with their amiable weakness—to combine active amusements with the more passive satisfaction of looking as pretty as possible.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu

September is always a welcome month to the housekeeper, especially when game is plentiful. A hare "jugged," as in the recipe below, will be found an inexpensive, but highly seasonable, dish.

JUGGED HARE

Skin a hare, wipe it carefully, but do not wash it. Let the blood from the upper part of the body run into a basin, with the liver, lungs, and heart, and set it aside. Cut off the head, shoulders, legs, and chop the back into three or four pieces; put them into a jar with one or two onions, five cloves, a bunch of herbs, and a bay-leaf, peppercorns and salt, and a bit each of celery and lemon-rind. Cover with water, cover tightly, and let it stew in a large saucepan of water till tender (from three to four hours). Take the blood, mix it with flour and water, and a spoonful of vinegar; bring it slowly, while stirring continuously, almost to the boil; then strain it into the jar. Parboil the heart and liver, grate or pound them; add this to some forcemeat, which make into balls; fry, and use them as a garnish for the hare when dished. A glass of claret or port wine is a great improvement to the flavour of the gravy. Serve the pieces of hare on a very hot dish; strain the gravy over, and hand red currant jelly in a glass dish.

TO ROAST PARTRIDGES

Let the birds hang as long as they can possibly be kept without becoming offensive; pick them carefully, draw and singe them; wipe the insides thoroughly with a clean cloth; truss them with the head turned under the wing, and the legs drawn close together, not crossed. Flour them, and baste them plentifully with butter. Serve them with bread sauce, and good brown gravy in a tureen, and dish them up on fried breadcrumbs. Time, thirty to forty minutes.

A SALMIS OF GROUSE

Roast one grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly. Cut 2 oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, six peppercorns, the chopped ham, and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough, add 1 oz. of flour, and brown as well. Pour in three-quarters of a pint of stock and stir till it boils. Put in the grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, two teaspoonfuls of red currant jelly, and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan, and simmer very gently about thirty-five to forty-five minutes. When cooked, arrange neatly on a hot dish, strain the sauce over and garnish with croûtons of fried bread.

EMILIA.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

French Regulations

Before you are really allowed to motor in France two things are necessary. A number and a license—the coach-builder or the agent from whom you bought the car will obtain the former. Beyond a nominal stamp duty of a few centimes the numbers are allotted to applicants free of charge. The owner of the car, of course, paying for the number-plates. The driving permit, if applied for in Paris, is not quite such a simple matter. First, you have to produce a certificate of birth or a passport. Secondly, you have to include with your application five unmounted photos of yourself, approximately 1½ in. by 1 in. in size. One of these appears later on your license, the other four remain in the hands of the police. Lastly, you have to pass an examination. Theoretically, these permits are like the numbers, free, except for a sixty-centime stamp. Practically, however, you have to go to the Association Générale Automobiles, 8, Place de la Concorde, Paris, a society under the patronage of the French Automobile Club. That is to say, if you wish to avoid tedious delays. It seems that you can be examined either by a special police official or by one of two civil engineers who have been appointed by the Government at the instance of the French Club. The police examine you free of charge, but they take their own time about it, keeping you waiting for days. The civil engineer puts you through your paces at once. There never yet was a motorist who was not in a hurry. English motorists, therefore, who have to obtain a permit in Paris would do well to call at the office of the society I have previously mentioned and pay the ten francs.

A picture post-card from our motoring editor

"What pretty country we're passing through"
"Is it? I've only been through it on a car"

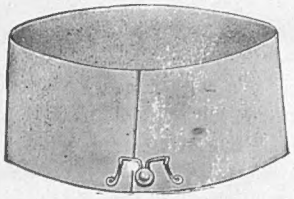
The French Driving Examination

Comte de Vone, a most obliging gentleman, examined me, and for the purpose I drove the car down to his place at Levallois Perret, half a mile beyond the Paris octroi boundary. The test is easy. First, one is asked the name of the principal parts of the motor. Next, the examiner inquires what you would look at first if the car struck work. I satisfied him by giving ignition first place in the list of troubles. Next, you drive him a mile or so, reverse the car, turn it round, show, in fact, that it is not the first time you have had the wheel in your hands. This concludes the so-called test, and he signs his name on a piece of blue paper, which you take back to Paris and hand to the society. You don't receive your permit for about three days afterwards, but it can be sent to any *poste restante* you like. Should you, before you receive it, get into any trouble, the fact that you have applied for it and duly passed the examination is considered equivalent to actual possession. The French authorities, too, are fairly easy-going with regard to the numbers. Our numbers are not yet ready, yet we have motored hundreds of miles without any numbers on the car. No one says anything. Should you, however, have an accident, I believe that if you had not applied for numbers they would prosecute you. Our English police might ponder over the attitude of the French authorities. The fact that a new car has no number, or has lost a number, or has a damaged number, does not mean a case in the courts. The fact that a car has been duly registered is sufficient. If a back lamp goes out, they don't haul the chauffeur into court and fine him fifty francs. They have outgrown those childish tricks. In short, they don't make trouble—they act sensibly towards the motorist.

How to Carry Luggage on a Car

Having secured, or rather duly applied for, numbers and driving permits, our only trouble was the luggage. On most touring-cars without a fixed top, to carry luggage sufficient for four people is difficult. As in similar cases, the four people who are travelling together on this particular trip had promised to bring very little. The luggage when it was assembled included: two big dress-cases, a young portmanteau (the lady of the party contributed this), and three kit-bags — accompanied, of course, by a miscellaneous collection of waterproofs, umbrellas, dust-coats, rugs, etc. The tonneau of the car is a big one, but they fairly filled it, and left precious little room for

The "MEYNELL" Patent No. 6730.



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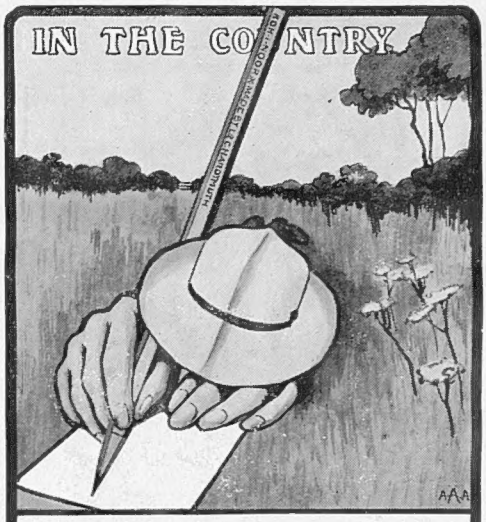

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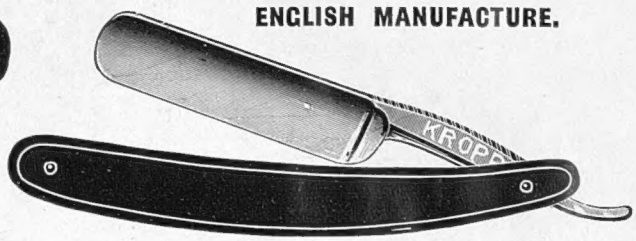

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anyone to sit. We had vague ideas of having a big iron bracket, or platform, constructed behind the car. The luggage, however, carried like this, gets in the most fearful mess, and besides, it is apt to strain the back springs. In France especially, where awkward drains, either below or above the road surface, occur without much warning, this last is a consideration.

The Advantages of a Long Wheel-Base

The car which is carrying us has a side entrance—consequently, a long wheel-base. Long steps, extending between the front and back mudguards are, as usual, fitted, and these proved our salvation. We strapped the whole of the luggage on the two long steps. Deciding to forego the use of the right side-entrance door, we strapped a dress-case, a small portmanteau, and two big kit-bags, on that side. On the other side, right up against the front wing, we secured a large kit-bag in an upright position; next to it, leaving a small space to step up on to the front seats, came a dress-case. This is the most satisfactory solution of the luggage problem that I have yet struck. You can practically carry as much luggage as you like. It is easily fixed; it never comes loose or rolls about; it is absolutely out of everyone's way; lastly, the weight is kept low down—no unimportant consideration on a four-cylinder car.

Ordinary Tonneau Types should be Fitted with Long Steps

There is not a car-owner who has not experienced the luggage difficulty, and those who tour on the ordinary tonneau-car with live axle might find it worth their while to make the following alteration: Take off the ordinary back wings that are nowhere near the back wheel, and reach forward with a gentle sweep to join the steps. Replace them by a closely-fitting curved mudguard, such as is used on the new side-entrance bodies. See that your front mudguards are broad enough behind, and that their inside edge touches the chassis. Fit a long wooden step, running from the front wings to the back wings; for neatness' sake, cover it with rubber matting. Spend a few pounds on this alteration, and the luggage problem will never worry you again. There are two little additions to this method which suggest themselves. These steps are several inches below the frame of the car itself, and through that space comes dust and dirt. A strip of sheet tin or aluminium painted the colour of the body should be used to cover this in. Lastly, the underneath part of these long steps should be made into long boxes to carry tools, inner tubes, jack, oil, etc. This box should run the whole length of the step, should be six or seven inches in depth, and should open, not upon the top, for that would interfere with the carrying of luggage, but on the outer side.

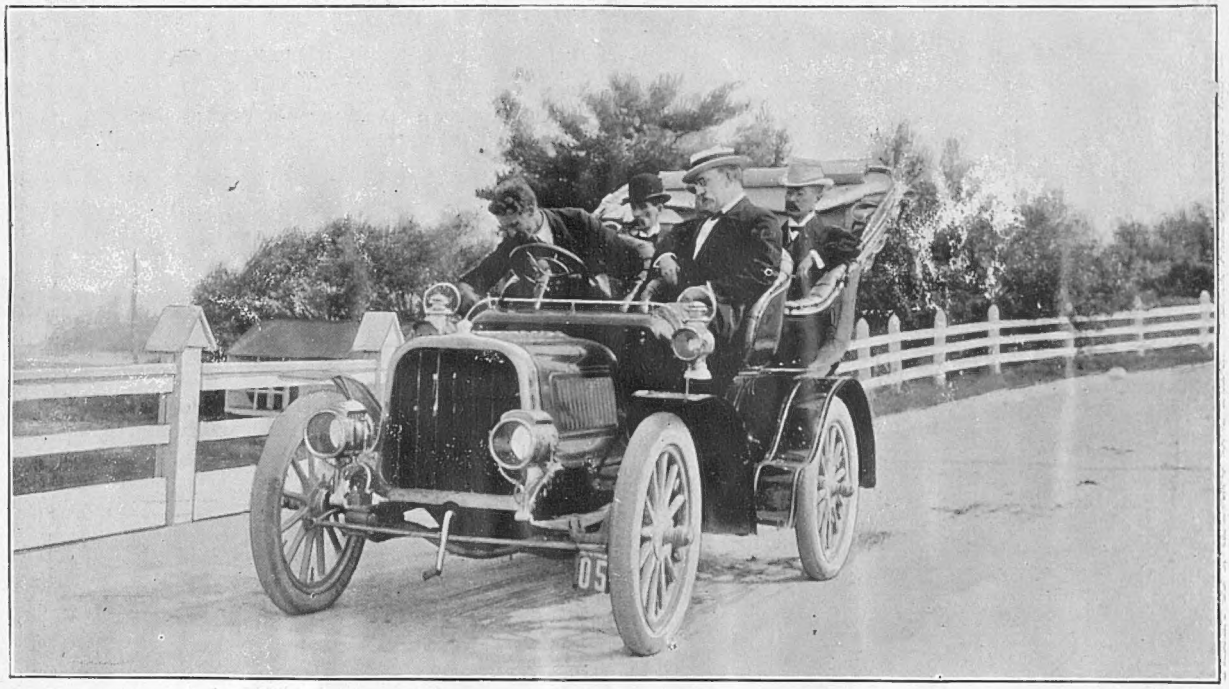

Photo by *N. Lazarnick*

Japanese Peace Envoys driving to the Conference at Portsmouth in their 30 h.-p. Pope-Toledo

In the tonneau are Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira. In the front is Mr. Dickinson, the great authority on International Law

The French Octroi

The octroi in Paris is a nuisance; every time you go in you have the spirit in your tank measured, and have to pay duty on it—approximately a franc to a gallon. The octroi in other big French towns all stop your car and ask you whether you have anything to declare; but except in Paris they don't charge for petrol. The actual price of spirit in most parts of France is between forty centimes and fifty centimes a litre. This is approximately the English equivalent of 1*s.* 9*d.* a gallon. But it is a cleaner spirit, and gives a little more power. The exhaust gases, too, do not smell so much. Apparently, in America, motorists have to put up with inferior spirit; as an illustration, the following story has come my way—I hope it is not a chestnut: Two skunks were sitting by the side of the road, when a car, with a most evil-smelling exhaust, comes by—one animal turns to the other and remarks wearily, "Say, what's the use of us?"

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

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This series, the first of which appeared on August 19, is of the greatest interest, not only owing to the Royal Authorship, but also to the fact that the Photographs are admirable specimens of Photographic Art. The subjects include scenes at Marlborough House, Sandringham, Copenhagen, and incidents during Her Majesty's cruise off the Coast of Scotland.

THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, E.C.

The Editor's Box

From the City to Doncaster Races

Rail to Doncaster. Lunch on Train. See races. Tea and dinner on train, and return home in eleven hours!

This programme is arranged for the forthcoming races by the Great Central Railway. In addition to offering excursion fares by express trains each day to the races, the Company provide specially for the business men who can only leave town for the day, and wish to experience no difficulty in getting comfortable and appetising meals. Return day tickets are to be had, first class 33*s.* 6*d.*, and 18*s.* 6*d.* third class, which include *luncheon* on the outward journey, and *dinner* on the return. The first-class passenger is also regaled with afternoon tea.

On arriving at Doncaster Station, electric trams will be waiting to convey passengers direct to the course, so in this outing the Great Central Railway Company provides everything to contribute to the enjoyment and comfort of the visitor from London.

The much-discussed question of cheap fares, as applying to Continental Railways, is put into the background by the record made by the Great Central Company for the races.

Enterprise, however, should be encouraged, and we ask why should the Railway Companies not compete with each other on the course too, and enter their own horses in the classic races?

Full particulars of the arrangements can be obtained on application at Marylebone Station.

The "Unique Bran Tub Budget"

The Editor of THE BYSTANDER begs to put on record the entertainment he has derived from dipping into the *Unique Bran Tub Budget*, a threepenny periodical, produced, and well produced, under the auspices of two youthful editors of the fair sex, aged fifteen each, namely, Lilias Morgan and Keine. The proprietors, with simple directness, explain the purport and policy of the new organ. It is to fall like a bombshell in their homes, and convince their parents that true literary instinct is implanted in their offspring. The failure of the *Unique Bran Tub Budget* will be tantamount to a verdict of guilty against those parents on the charge of general obtuseness. The new paper is both grave and gay. Now we have a pen-picture of poverty, with the following impressionistic beginning :—

> It was night.
> Millions of stars shone in the sky overhanging the great City of London.

Again we have Vers de Société à la Limerique—to lapse into menu French—of which this is a fair sample :—

> There was an old man of the Nile,
> Who never did nothing but smile;
> But one windy day
> His smile blew away,
> Which annoyed the old man of the Nile.

Chess at Simpson's

Chess still finds a home at Simpson's in the Strand, where, in days gone by, mighty giants of the game fought their famous battles. The old chess men designed by Reiss, and handled by Steinitz and Kolisch, Morphy and Anderssen, Blackburne, and other chess champions, are there, and are used with the reverence due to their old associations. After a cut off the joint and a glass of '51 port, the present devotees sip their coffee in the smoking-room, and open the [illegible] with the same silent and thoughtful precision as the past masters who made Simpson's and chess synonymous terms.

Great Northern Railway

The Great Northern Railway Company announce an excellent series of facilities to Doncaster Races, the most popular event of the year in the North. The G.N. route is the most comfortable, and by far the quickest, the journey occupying only 2 hrs. 55 mins. between King's Cross and Doncaster.

A special luncheon-car express, at ordinary fares, and formed of corridor vestibuled stock of the newest G.N. pattern, leaves King's Cross at 9.53 a.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and reaches Doncaster at 12.48 p.m. without an intermediate stop. The corresponding return dining-car train leaves Doncaster at 6.10 p.m. Tuesday, 5.45 p.m. Wednesday, and 4.55 p.m. Friday.

Cheap excursion trains, for two, three, four, or five days, leave King's Cross at 10.35 a.m., 1.35 p.m., and 3.15 p.m., Monday, September 11, reaching Doncaster at 2.9, 4.33, and 6.20 p.m.; also for one, two, three, or four days on Tuesday from King's Cross, at 8.40 p.m.; for one, two, or three days on Wednesday from King's Cross, at 8.40 a.m.; for one or two days on Thursday from King's Cross, at 9.53 a.m.; and for one day on Friday from King's Cross, at 8.45 a.m. Special attention has been given to the timing of these trains, and, to some, luncheon or dining-car will be attached.

Tickets can be obtained at King's Cross, Woolwich, Greenwich, and all G.N. suburban stations.

Full particulars of G.N.R. arrangements will be given on application to the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross, or to any Great Northern office or agency.

How Painters Forged Their Own Signatures

That even a genuine signature is no guarantee of the authenticity of an old picture is shown by Dr. W. Martin in the September *Burlington Magazine*. It was, he says, a recognised custom in Holland in the seventeenth century for the pupil's work to be sold as the master's and even for the master to sign his pupil's work with his own name. This seems to have occurred especially often in the case of portrait painters. It was [illegible] for them sometimes to keep the likeness of a celebrity in stock in order to satisfy the demand of purchasers, and in such a case one or more pupils would be set to work at turning out copies of the original portrait painted by the master himself from nature; these copies the master then corrected, if necessary, with his own hand, and signed with his own name. Mierevelt signed such works with his own name, and thus all sorts of pictures were long taken for authentic works of Mierevelt, in which there is nothing of his own except the original composition and the signature.

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